PUNCH NOVEMBER I 1961

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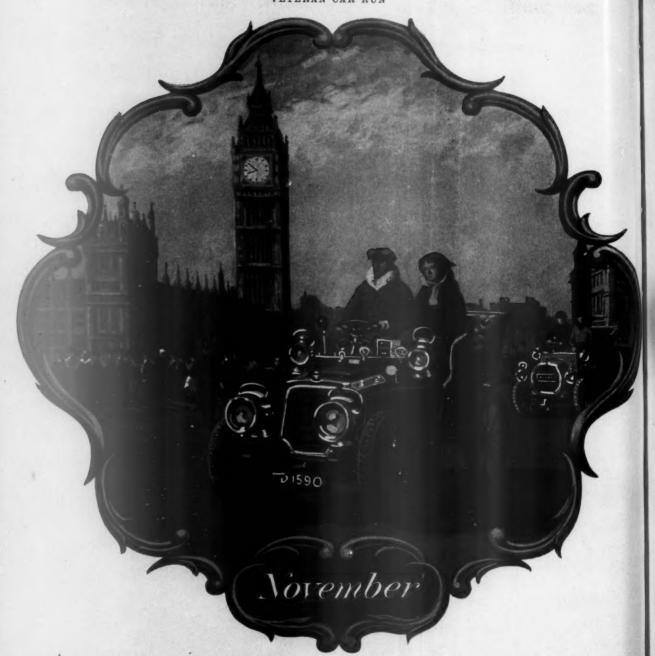
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#### The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh Pemberton
VETERAN CAR RUN



A STRANGER TO THESE SHORES, chancing to be upon the Brighton road on a Sunday morning in the present month, may be surprised to encounter a procession of motor-cars whose remarkable appearance betrays their even more remarkable age. He will be watching the event variously described as the Veteran Car Run or the Old Crocks' Race. This last description, however, nicely combines affection with derision to achieve complete inaccuracy. The object of the exercise is not to see who shall get to Brighton first, but who shall get there at all. And if you apply the term 'old crock' to, shall we say, that 1904 Panhard-Levassor, its performance on the Brighton road will undoubtedly cause you later on to eat your

ill-chosen words. The Run commemorates that distant day when the motor-car was freed from the necessity to be preceded by a man bearing a red flag—an occasion which the pedestrian population of these islands may regard as being no matter for celebration. But the wheels of progress will turn, whether we like it or not. And, to be frank, we at the Midland Bank do like it. More—we actively encourage the process, by providing industry with financial sinews which amounted last year to some hundreds of millions of pounds. And, if you really dislike cars, if you deplore the idea that your favourite bank should assist your favourite hate—forgive us, won't you? We do help the boot and shoe industry, tool

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To help you travel light, this aluminium scuttle panel—fitted between windshield and bonnet—weighs only 6 lb. 5 oz. It was made for the Austin Healey, by Boulton Paul Aircraft Limited.

2 This aluminium alloy crankcase forms part of the famous Gardner 6LW engine used by many well-known commercial vehicle manufacturers. The power-to-weight ratio of the engine is higher—because the engine is lighter. The crankcase was cast in Alcan Enfield alloy L.M.3 by L. Gardner & Sons Ltd.

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nch, November 1 1961

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morning for a whole week.

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The Sonomatic has a tick so quiet you can hardly hear it, and a musical-toned alarm which makes even early waking more pleasant. And it welcomes the rigours of travel as much as the calm of your bedside table. (Or in the lounge—alarm-set to remind you when to switch on that special programme?)

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Punch, November 1 196 Punch



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Painted by Richard Eurich

# Shell guide to Huntingdonshire



Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, is the greatest of the men of small Huntingdonshire, smallest of English counties after Rutland and Middlesex. He was born at Cromwell House (1), in Huntingdon, in the last year of the sixteenth century. Samuel Pepys (2) (1633-1703), a gayer character, lived as a boy at Brampton, near Huntingdon, where he went to school. The seal of Huntingdon (3), a huntsman, a tree, hounds and a deer, assumes that the name had to do with hunting and forests. It means either "the hunter's hill" or the hill of an Anglo-Saxon named Hunta. We associate this little county rather with fen and reed and willow and yellow water-lilies and the slow winding water of the Ouse, and church spires cutting into the sky.

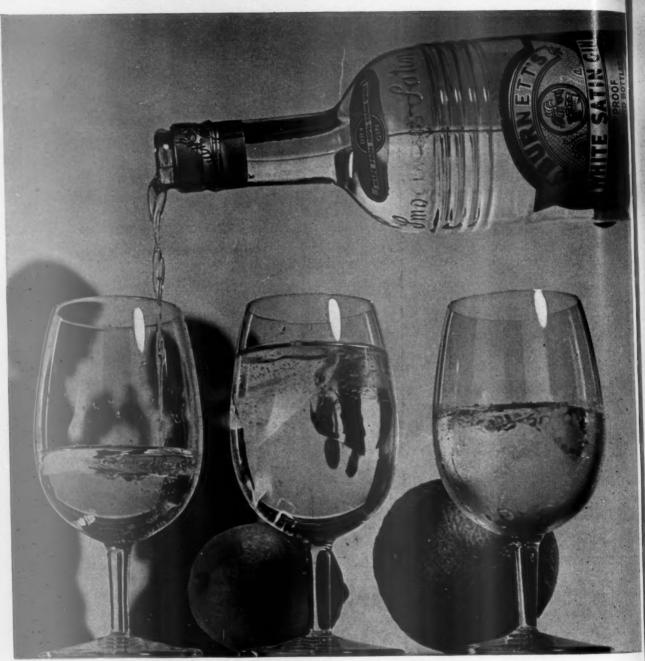
Fluttering over the river are two of the rare butterflies of the Huntingdonshire natural reserves of Wood Walton Fen and Monks Wood, the Large Copper (4), re-introduced at Wood Walton in 1927, and the Black Hairstreak (5) of Monks Wood. Skates (6) are a reminder of the fen skating centre at Earith. In osier baskets (7) are plums—the variety Czar to the left, and Rivers' Early Prolific to the right—from the greensand area of small orchards north of St Ives, on the edge of the fens.

At Little Gidding in this county, near Stilton, the saintly Nicholas Ferrar (1592-1637), lord of the manor, maintained his famous religious community.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale as bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL The key to the Countryside

Punch, Novemb r 1 196; Punch, 1





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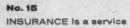
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r 1 1961 Punch, November 1 1961





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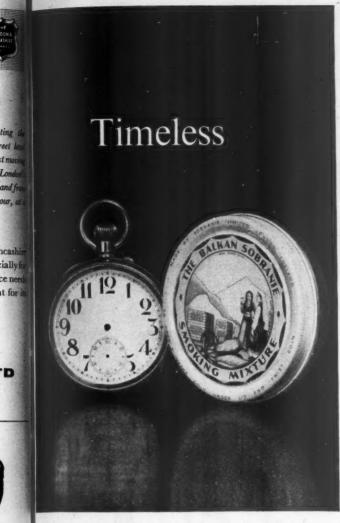
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#### EASTWOODS LIMITED

#### SUBSTANTIALLY IMPROVED RESULTS

The Annual Meeting of Eastwoods Limited will be held on November 16 in London.

The following is an extract from the review by Sir Thomas Moore, Bt., C.B.E., M.P., chairman, circulated with the report and accounts:—

The accounts of the financial year to 31st March, 1961, show a substantial improvement over the good results of the previous period. department of Eastwoods organisation was extremely busy throughout the whole twelve months in meeting the urgent requirements of the Building and Civil Engineering Industries.

Sales of our own products created a new record in the history of the Group and deliveries of cement, bricks, concrete tiles, concrete pipes and sand and ballast were at or near the limit of our productive capacity. Our merchanted sales also expanded very satisfactorily to a new high level of

In spite of increased costs of production due to substantial wage advances and increases in the price of coal and electricity, satisfactory profit margins were maintained on most of our various manufactures largely as a result of the economies derived from increased mechanisation and peak production at all our undertakings.

The net profit of the Group was £686,000 which is an all-time record and shows an increase of £185,000 over the results of the preceding year.

The substantial sum of £400,000 has been transferred to General Reserve, which compares with £250,000 last year and the Board has recommended the payment of a final dividend of 12½ per cent. (the same), making a total of 20 per cent. for the year to March, 1961, which is an increase of 2½ per cent. compared with the previous period.

Expenditure by the Group on capital account during the year to March, 1961, totalled £575,000, comprising an exceptional sum of £325,000 spent on replacements and additions to our transport fleet, and approximately £250,000 expended on various schemes for increasing efficiency at certain of our works and depots.

#### CAPITAL EXPENDITURE

Various schemes of reorganisation and expansion are now receiving the consideration of the Directors, some of which will require very large expenditure on capital account.

Orders totalling £200,000 have been placed for further transport replacements and additions, and we have received planning permission for construction of a kiln at our Otterham stock brick works in Kent, which will cost £100,000.

The Board also have under active consideration the construction of a new kiln at our Barrington Cement works in Cambridgeshire, to give an output of 200,000 tons of cement clinker per annum. The cost of this comprehensive scheme which includes major reorganisation of the quarry and installation of ancillary plant and equipment would amount to about £2½ million and would take upwards of two years to complete from the date of placing the order. The method of financing this project is at present engaging the attention of the Board and if we decide to proceed it is clear that at some stage it will be necessary to raise additional permanent finance.

#### **CURRENT TRADING**

In spite of the Chancellor's dis-inflationary Budget in April, followed by the "Little Budget" in July, building activity has continued at an extremely high level right up to the present moment. Nevertheless, the Chancellor's stringent measures are bound to have a considerable effect in course of time. Bank Rate is now 6½ per cent., Bank lending has been severely restricted, and Government and local authority spending is to be restrained or prestrained with the contraction of the course of time. restrained or postponed, wherever possible. The Housing programmes are also being curtailed.

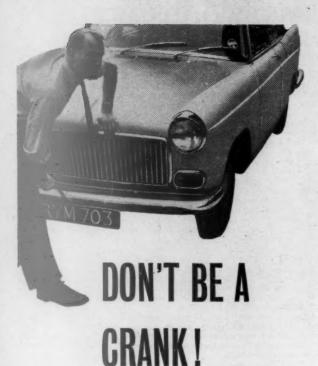
On the other hand, we are told that slum clearance will continue to have top priority and the roads programme already approved will not be cut.

Of course during the remaining months of the winter, we must expect the usual seasonal decline in building and to what degree, if any, this will be accentuated by the Chancellor's measures it is difficult to gauge. But I think there is certain to be a distinct slackening of impetus in the upsurge of building activity which normally takes place in the spring.

To make a reliable forecast in these uncertain circumstances is manifestly impossible but Eastwood's turnover to date is well ahead of the comparable period in 1960 and it is not unreasonable to hope that the results of the current financial year will prove to be not less satisfactory than those at present under review.

#### **FUTURE PROSPECTS**

I am convinced that in the long term a large building programme is essential to the health, happiness and prosperity of this country. Slum clearance, better housing, improved roads and new industrial buildings will all be required in massive quantities for at least a decade ahead. Therefore, apart from temporary crises due to international tension or balance of payment difficulties, I am confident that a future of great activity lies ahead for the building industry in which Fastwoods are well equipped. lies ahead for the building industry in which Eastwoods are well equipped crc 46 1 to take an increasing share.



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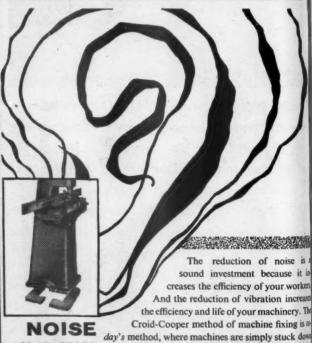
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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

#### THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Affair (Strand)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61) The American Dream and The Death of Bessie Smith (Royal Court)—new double bill by Edward Albee, reviewed this week.

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)-old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

Androcles and the Lion and The Shewing-up

of Blanco Posnet (Mermaid)—sturdy revivals. Until November 4. (11/10/61)

As You Like It (Stratford-upon-Avon)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. November 1. (12/7/61)

Rosalind. November 1. (12/7/61)

Becket (Aldwych)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. November 1. (26/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-under (17/5/61)

graduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61) Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

Bonne Soupe (Comedy)-new comedy-drama, reviewed this week.

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)-satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. Doctor Faustus (Old Vic)-exciting Edinburgh production that suffers in transplanting. November 1-4. (30/8/61)

Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales)-average American musical. (18/10/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)— low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess)-few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)-very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Heartbreak House (Wyndham's)-new production.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)-low-life French musical,

good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—
another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and
Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry
Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)

Luther (Phoenix)-John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

wonder. (10/12/52)
Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—another weak production that has gained in strength. November 3 and 7. (12/4/61)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical

Oliver! (New)-exciting British musical from

Oliver Twist. (6/7/60)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—the latest
Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth

Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
Othello (Stratford-upon-Avon)—John Gielgud's

first Othello too elaborately produced. November 4. (18/10/61)

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)-lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingly dotty. November 6. (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)-Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. November 2. (18/10/61)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical.

(31/5/61)

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Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's) Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61) The Taming of the Shrew (Aldwych)-Vanessa Redgrave and Derek Godfrey make the evening worth while. November 2-8. (20/9/61)

Teresa of Avila (Vaudeville)-new drama, reviewed this week.

A Whistle in the Dark (Apollo)-Irish violence, well done. (20/9/61)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Library Theatre, Manchester. Much Ado About Nothing, until December 2.

Queen's, Hornchurch. A Man For All Seasons, until November 11.

The Gateway, Edinburgh. It Looks Like A Change, until November 11.
Theatre Royal, Windsor. Mr. Rhodes, until

November 11.

#### CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59) Breakfast at Tiffany's (Plaza)—Reviewed this

Danse Macabre (Curzon)—Reviewed this week. Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Fanfare (Curzon)—Reviewed this week.

Fanny (Warner)—Phony, Frenchmen-are-quaint, but colourful remake of Pagnol's Marseilles trilogy.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure story. (10/5/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XV

## du MAURIER

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#### Punch, November 1 1961

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Il Grido (Paris-Pullman)—Antonioni's 1957 tragedy of a workman and his wanderings in the Po Valley. (4/10/61)

Inn of the Sixth Happiness (Rialto)—Revival: Ingrid Bergman as a dedicated amateur missionary in China, Robert Donat (his last film appearance)

Les Jeux de l'Amour (Academy)—Triangle comedy; funny detail, questionable basis. (27/9/61)
The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr.

Disney, based on James Oliver Curwood novel. Visually fine, but otherwise like old-style animal

Visually line, but otherwise like old-style annual films—facetious music, arranged fights galore.

The Queen's Guards (Carlton)—Spectacular CinemaScope record of Trooping the Colour, 1960, is a framework for flashbacks telling the story of a young officer (Daniel Massey). (25/10/61)

La Règle du Jeu (Academy, late night show)—
Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly and Cameo Royal)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (2019)61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino—ends November 4)—Cinerama in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commen-

Revival: Kurosawa's fine period (16th-century) piece about the poor village that hired professional warriors to protect it. (2/3/55)

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7):5758)

(13/36)
A Taste of Love (Paris-Pullman)—French (Les Grandes Personnes): a young-girl-grows-up piece, with Jean Seberg involved in an emotional triangle. Some good atmospheric scenes.

Two Women (Continentale)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61) Volcano (Academy)—Wonderful colour pictures of volcanoes, put together by an enthusiast. (27/9/61)

#### SHOPS

Newly opened in High Holborn is the Russian Shop, where a variety of merchandise includes Russian wines and liqueurs, perfumes, Tobolsk wory miniatures and amber jewellery. For children there are illustrated books, costumed dolls, Matrioshka wobble dolls and hand-carved toys. Hand-carved wooden goods are also prominent at Yugoslavian Handicrafts, Regent Street, as well as hand-made baskets ranging from "Ali Baba" shaped linen baskets to wickerwork wastepaper ones. Their "slipper-socks" are made in wool and leather, their place mats in rush and maize. All branches of Indiacraft have raffia tablemats, Kashmir walnut tables, and brassware decanters, vases and ashtrays. Always in stock is a large collection of printed silk saris, scarves and squares as well as bangles, beads and bracelets. The Chinese Gift Shop have jade rings and necklaces, hand-painted scrolls and wallpaper from Peking, and a selection of rugs and carpets. They also sell silks by the yard, silk blouses and pyjamas, and have a number of small silk novelties for Christmas tree decorations.

"Le Ski Shop" at Jaeger's is featuring exclusive knitwear as well as brightly coloured

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVIII

#### DARK DOINGS

Guys with much-depleted pockets—

Keep it dark. Keep it dark!
Fawking out for squibs and rockets—

Keep it dark. Keep it dark!
Call for Guinness, know what's what;
Or for Mackeson. No plot:
Just best value of the lot. So





# and distribution.

PURPOSE-BUILT AND TAILORED TO THE NEEDS OF THE CLIENT At Wolsey's Abbey Meadow Mills in Leicester, there's a brand new warehouse. A 'purpose-built' warehouse, primarily designed and built to effect a substantial reduction in costs of warehousing

Right up-to-date in conception and purpose, the warehouse gives a clear internal span of 100 ft., and the roof is clad with aluminium sheets 43 ft. in length, the longest yet made in Britain. There's a maple floor for dustproof cleanliness, hydraulically operated auto-ramps in the loading bays and lighting of special intensity.

Yet another successful Wolsey project and a typical Turriff 'package deal' contract. And yet another example of the way in which Turriff technicians, working in closest collaboration with your own consultants and specialists at every stage, can be depended upon to create just the right type of industrial building to meet your own special purpose and requirements.

TURRIFF



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# PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6320 November 1 1961

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#### Charivaria

F course, it's not the first time there has been a scare over contaminated milk. Early last century, according to the historian Jesse, there was "an almost universal prejudice" among Londoners against milk drinking. It was widely known that the disreputable fourth Duke of Queensberry, sometimes known as "Old Q," was accustomed to bathe in the stuff and powerful suspicion existed that "this common necessity of life might have been retailed from the daily lavations of the Duke." nuclear times, it seems little enough to make a fuss about, but our rude forefathers had their fastidious moments.

#### Much the Same Thing

WHEN the ex-Mrs. Onassis got married the other day the police drove photographers out of the pulpit and the nave and from behind the altar. This seems very high-handed. How is the public supposed to get its pictures



of celebrities plighting their troth if this sort of thing goes on? Personally I feel that since the religious aspects of getting married are of declining public interest it's time that the act of press photography should be regarded as the actual solemnisation. After all, there's a tribe somewhere that considers the knot tied as soon as the happy couple has been stared at for a given time by the rest of the village.

#### Chain Reaction

R. KENNEDY has taken to smoking longer cigars because shorter ones don't last through the ever-lengthening White House conferences. This is a fence that Sir Winston Churchill seems to have taken with a cavalry officer's ease, but jawjaw has risen steeply since his war-war Mr. Baldwin had an unfair



advantage; a man with good strong teeth can hold a pipe big enough to ride out the roughest storm of words. For summit purposes a hookah is probably the thing; the central bowl can be refilled every time an impasse is reached.

#### Please to Remember

DAVE, my Guy Fawkes correspondent, says that this has been a poor year for guys. "When you start, they tell you it's too early, and when it's not too early they're fed up with you. Blokes are the best, better than women, because they've got their lolly all ready instead of taking it out of their bags and that. The best place is near a station or a bus-stop. When I was a kid you could just black your face, but now they want to see a guy. You don't get no more from a good guy than a bad guy that I can see. On a good evening I might get fifteen bob, I don't really know. No, I don't save much of it up for Guy Fawkes day, I spend it on sweets and gambling and that. I suppose I'll get some fireworks for Guy Fawkes. Rockets are favourite, but mostly I get them sparklers and bangers that you throw at people."

SUC A



"No, no, Black for Maria, L for Lloyd, E for Eccles, G for Gould and S for Selwyn . . ."

#### Body Line

MERICA is trying to find a new name for corset, a word thought to be too redolent of English dowagers and Bulgarian cavalry officers. Meanwhile, corset departments over there are being given names like "Control Fashion Salon." I have just seen a photograph of the Corset Guild of Great Britain at their banquet and a happier gathering of men and women one would not wish to meet. They are as proud to be a Corset Guild as Vintners are proud to be Vintners. Probably one reason they are so happy is that they have finally persuaded the British people not to call corsets stays. This American proposal may well shake them to their foundations, and I don't mean figuratively.

#### No Smoke without Fire

'M wondering what reaction Mr. Christopher Logue has had from the makers of a much-advertised cigarette tobacco which, he said in an article about his prison sentence, is much favoured by the lags. Did they thank him for the puff, or threaten to sue for defamation of product? The telly-ads show the tobacco being neatly rolled by clean-limbed, straight-eyed workers on building sites and so on: are their wives, (assuming them to be Logue readers) now going to suspect a dark criminal streak, and insist on a switch to another brand? You have to watch your public image these days.

#### Protest

PROFESSORS at Boston have agreed to let students throw wet sponges at them for charity. This is the thin end of the wedge. Once Professors stop being scholarly and stand-offish and submit to being treated like Rectors of Scottish Universities they might as well give up all pretence of living the intellectual life. This year wet sponges, next year eggs or worse. Academic freedom is turning before our eyes into academic licence.

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#### Take Your Partners

America, "The Twist," consists of "swaying the upper part of the body forwards and backwards, shaking the hips and shoulders and violently swinging the arms." If this dance reaches England I shall launch myself unhesitatingly on to the dance floor grateful for the practice afforded by nightly exercises on the Underground.

#### Still is the Story Told

WAITING all night with her family to dash across the Tamar suspension bridge the minute it opened, a housewife told a BBC interviewer "I always wanted to make history and this seemed the only way." Alas, I doubt if the feat will prove worth the rugs and coffee. Crossing a bridge first—which, after all, somebody's got to do—is not



"And we've over'eads this year, mister."

Next Week

ALAN HACKNEY

"Round Ravioli's"

and

"Fall out Shelters
Can be Fun"

B. A. YOUNG and SMILBY

the stuff of legend, not unless you fall off on the way over. The deed will have to be kept alive at the doing end with a lot of "Did you know that we..." and "Did I ever tell you...", and even that isn't how you make history. It's how you become a bore.

#### . . and tell Him he Mustn't

KENSINGTON and Lambeth Borough Councils are preparing to bring a test case to see if they can stop the installation of "vending" machines ("selling" is the word I like myself) outside shops. Their motive is the prevention of litter and the reduction of noise at night, or so they say. Perhaps we shall end with the traditional British compromise: we shall be allowed to use slot-machines if we have a man standing in front of them with a red flag.

#### Retooled

MY favourite erratum slip is in the Home Office Civil Defence Manual Rescue—"Page 144, fig 95. Please invert diagram." You turn avidly to page 144 and find three pictures demonstrating the use of the "wrecking bar." These are supposed to show a floor board being prised out by this ruthless-sounding instrument, but instead they show the "wrecking bar" making a gaping ceiling perfect.

#### Clever Old Things

You never know what publicity experts will get up to next. I was surprised to see from the top of a bus a streamer in a shop window saying rudely, "Why don't you go away?" Then I looked again and saw it was a travel agency.

—MR. PUNCH



Nikita Antoinette: "Milk?-Let them drink vodka!"

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1964



## THE CROWDED WORLD

The first of a series of articles analysing the crisis threatened by an exploding world population

# THE PROBLEM by JULIAN HUXLEY

OPULATION has at last made the grade and emerged as a World Problem. Unfortunately, most of those who speak or write about the problem persist in thinking of it in terms of a race between human numbers and world resources, especially of food-a kind of competition between production and reproduction. The neo-Malthusians, supported by progressive opinion in the Western World and by leading figures in most Asian countries, produce volumes of alarming statistics about the world population explosion and the urgent need for birth-control, while the anti-Malthusians, supported by the two ideological blocs of Catholicism and Communism, produce equal volumes of hopeful statistics, or perhaps one should say of wishful estimates, purporting to show how the problem can be solved by science, by the exploitation of the Amazon or the Arctic, by better distribution, or even by shipping our surplus population to other planets.

Certainly, the statistics are important. The major fact emerging from them is that there really is a population explosion. During the millennia of man's early history, world population increased steadily but very slowly, so that by the end of the seventeenth century it had barely topped the half-billion mark. But then, as a result of the great explorations during and after the Renaissance, and still more of the rise of natural science and technology at the end of the seventeenth century, the process was stepped up, so that by the beginning of the present century world population stood at about 1½ billion, and its compound interest rate of increase had itself increased from under ½ of 1 per cent in 1650 to nearly 1 per

cent (and we all know what big results can flow from even a small increase in compound interest rates).

But the real explosion is a twentieth century phenomenon, due primarily to the spectacular developments in medicine and hygiene, which have drastically cut down death-rates without any corresponding reduction in birth-rates—death-control without birth-control. The compound interest rate of increase meanwhile crept, or rather leapt, up and up, from under 1 per cent in 1900 to 1½ per cent at mid-century, and nearly 1¾ per cent today; and it will certainly go on increasing for some decades more. This means that the rate of human doubling has itself been doubled within the past 80 years. World population has more than doubled since 1900 to reach about 2¾ billion today; and it will certainly reach well over 5 billion, probably 6 billion, and possibly nearly 7 billion by the year 2000.

Coming down to details, Britons will be jolted by the fact that the net increase of world population amounts to about 150,000 every 24 hours, or the equivalent of a good-sized New Town every day—Hemel Hempstead yesterday, Harlow to-day, Crawley tomorrow, and so on through the weeks and months; while Americans will be startled out of any complacency they may have possessed by the fact that this is the equivalent of 10 baseball teams, complete with coach, every minute of every day and night. Such facts make the idea of interplanetary disposal of the earth's surplus population merely ridiculous.

It is also salutary to be reminded that the number of human beings alive in AD 1999—within the life-time of many now living—will be about double that of those alive today; that some populations, like that of Barbados, are growing at a rate of over 3 per cent compound interest per annum, which means doubling in less than 20 years; that in an underdeveloped but

SIR JULIAN HUXLEY, F.R.S., was educated at Eton, Oxford, Heidelberg. Taught and did research work at New College, Oxford; Rice Institute, Houston, Texas; King's College, University of London, and Royal Institution, London; lectured in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Canada, South Africa, Australia, USA, Syria, India. Has travelled the world over. Secretary, Zoological Society of London; Director-General, Unesco; President, Eugenics Society. Helped to found the Society for Experimental Biology; P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning); Systematics Association; Society for the Study of Animal Behaviour. Books: Essays, Biology, Birds, Evolution, Poems, Population, Science, Religion, Sociology, Humanism.

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ton, k at cas; stiand, uth the on; ety. egy; tics our. ms, already densely populated country like India, successful industrialisation will be impossible unless the birth-rate is cut to about half within the next 30 or 40 years, for otherwise the capital and the trained man- and woman-power needed to give the country a stable industrial economy will be swallowed up in feeding, housing, educating, and servicing the excess population; that religious opposition to population-control is strongest and most effective in regions like Latin America, where population-increase is most rampant; that there is no provision for international study and research on population-control as there is on atomic energy, on the world's arid zones, on brain function, or on oceanography; that there is already an alarming (and increasing) shortage of available water-supplies, high-grade mineral resources, and educational facilities in industrially advanced countries like the USA; that the annual increase of Communist China's population is 13 million, more than the equivalent of a new Sweden and a new Denmark every year; or that the World Health Organization has twice been prevented by Roman Catholic pressure from even considering population-density as a factor in the world's

But in the broad view the most important thing about the population explosion is that it is making everyone—or rather everyone capable of serious thought—think seriously about

the future of our human species on our human planet.

The Middle Ages were brought to an end by a major revolution in thought and belief, which stimulated the growth of science and the secularisation of life at the expense of significance in art and religion, generated the industrial-technological revolution, with its stress on economics and quantitative production at the expense of significance in quality, human values and fulfilment, and culminated in what we are pleased to call the Atomic Age, with two World Wars behind it, the threat of annihilation before it, and an ideological split at its core.

Actually our modern age merits the adjective atomistic rather than atomic. Further, it will soon become very unmodern. For we are on the threshold of another major revolution, involving a new pattern of thought and a new approach to human destiny and its practical problems. It will usher in a new phase of human history, which I like to call the Evolutionary Age, because it envisages man as both product and agent of the evolutionary process on this planet.

The new approach is beginning to take effect in two rather distinct fields, of ecology and ideology, and is generating two parallel but linked currents of thought and action, that may be called the Ecological Revolution and the Humanist Revolution.



"White man's infertility rites."

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The population explosion is giving a powerful impetus to both these revolutionary currents. Ecology is the science of relational adjustment—the balanced relations of living organisms with their environment and with each other. It started botanically in a rather modest way as a study of plant communities in different habitats; went on to the fruitful idea of the ecological succession of different plant communities in a given habitat, leading up to an optimum climax community—mixed forest in the humid tropics, rich grassland on the prairies; was extended to take in animal communities, and so to the illuminating concepts of food-claims and adaptive niches; and finally, though rather grudgingly, was still further enlarged to include human as well as biological ecology.

The population explosion has brought us up against a number of hard ecological facts. Man is at last pressing hard on his spatial environment—there is little leeway left for his colonisation of new areas of the world's surface. He is pressing hard on his resources, notably non-renewable but also renewable resources. As Professor Harrison Brown has so frighteningly made clear in his book, The Challenge of Man's Future, ever-increasing consumption by an ever-increasing number of human beings will lead in a very few generations to the exhaustion of all easily exploitable fossil fuels and highgrade mineral ores, to the taking up of all first-rate agricultural land, and so to the invasion of more and more second-rate marginal land for agriculture.

In spite of all that science and technology can do, world food-production is not keeping up with world population, as the Food and Agriculture Organisation has just officially told us; the number of underfed human beings—already some two thirds of the total—is increasing; the gap between the haves and the have-nots of this world is widening instead of being narrowed; and the water-resources even of advanced countries are being strained to the limit.

Meanwhile everywhere, though especially in the so-called Free Enterprise areas of the world, economic practice (and sometimes economic theory) is concerned not primarily with increased production, still less with a truly balanced economy, but with exploitation of resources in the interests of maximised and indiscriminate consumption, even if this involves present waste and future shortage.

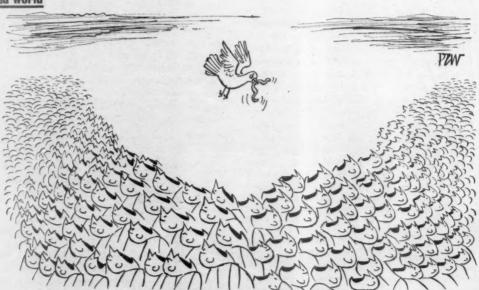
Clearly this self-defeating, self-destroying process must be stopped. The population explosion has helped to take our economic blinkers off and has shown us the gross and increasing imbalance between the world's human population and its material resources. Unless we quickly set about achieving some sort of balance between reproduction and production, we shall be dooming our grandchildren and all their descendants, through thousands upon thousands of monotonous generations, to an extremely unpleasant and unsatisfactory existence, overworked and undernourished, overcrowded and unfulfilled.

To stop the process means planned conservation in place of reckless exploitation, regulation and control of human numbers, as well as of industrial and technological enterprise, in place of uninhibited expansion. And this means an ecological approach. Ecology will become the basic science of the new age, with physics and chemistry and technology as its handmaidens, not its masters. The aim will be to achieve a balanced relation between man and nature, an equilibrium between human needs and world resources.

The Humanist Revolution, on the other hand, is destined to supersede the current pattern of ideas and beliefs about nature (including human nature) and man's place and role in it, with a new vision of reality more in harmony with man's present knowledge and circumstances. This new pattern of ideas can be called humanist, since it is focused on man as a product of natural evolution, not on the vast inanimate cosmos, nor on a God or gods, nor on some unchanging spiritual Absolute. For humanism in this sense, man's duty and destiny is to be the spearhead and creative agent of the over-all evolutionary process on this planet.

The explosive growth of scientific and historical knowledge

#### The Crowded World



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in the past hundred years, especially about biological and human evolution, coupled with the rise of rationalist criticism of established theologies and ancient philosophies, had cleared the ground for this revolution in thought and executed some of the necessary demolition work. But now the population explosion poses the world with the fundamental question of human destiny-What are people for? Surely people do not exist just to provide bomb-fodder for an atomic bonfire, or religion-fodder for rival churches, or cannon-fodder for rival nations, or disease-fodder for rival parasites, or labourfodder for rival economic systems, or ideology-fodder for rival political systems, or even consumer-fodder for profitmaking systems. It cannot be their destiny to exist in ever larger megalopolitan sprawls, cut off from contact with nature and from the sense of human community and condemned to increasing frustrations, noise, mechanical routine, traffic congestion and endless commuting; nor to live out their undernourished lives in some squalid Asian or African village.

When we try to think in more general terms it is clear that the dominant aim of human destiny cannot be anything so banal as just maximum quantity, whether of human beings, machines, works of art, consumer goods, political power, or anything else. Man's dominant aim must be increase in quality—quality of human personality, of achievement, of works of art and craftsmanship, of inner experience, of quality of life and living in general. But the inordinate growth of human numbers bars the way to any such desirable revolution, produces increasing frustration instead of greater fulfilment.

Later articles in this series will deal with some of the urgent special problems which the population explosion is raising—how to provide the increasing numbers of human beings with their basic quotas of food and shelter, raw materials and energy, health and education, with opportunities for adventure and meditation, for contact with nature and with art, for useful work and fruitful leisure; how to prevent frustration exploding into violence or subsiding into apathy; how to avoid unplanned chaos on the one hand and over-organised authoritarianism on the other.

The long-term general problem remains. Before the human species can settle down to any constructive planning of his future on earth (which, let us remember, is likely to be many times longer than his past, to be reckoned in hundreds of millions of years instead of the hundreds of thousands of his prehistory or the mere millennia of History), it must clear the world's decks for action. If man is not to become the planet's cancer instead of its partner and guide, the threatening plethora of the unborn must be for ever banished from the scene.

This can only be done by a change in attitude and approach. We must realise that population increase and its results are a world problem. The danger of population outrunning aid to underprivileged territories, the recurrent need to relieve famine or pestilence in overcrowded underdeveloped countries; the impossibility of closing the gap between haves and havenots if the have-nots are multiplying too fast; the danger of an overpopulated country seeking *lebensraum* by aggressive expansion; the shifts in the balance of power and of needs brought about by differential multiplication in different regions—all these are inescapably world problems.

Accordingly we must have a world population policy. Its first aim must be to cut down the present excessive rate of increase to manageable proportions: once this is done we can

#### The Crowded World

"Did you know dear, while you were having him, seventy-two thousand Chinese have been born."



think about planning for an optimum size of world population—which will almost certainly prove to be less than its present total. Meanwhile we, the people of all nations, through the UN and its Agencies, through our own national policies and institutions, and through private Foundations, can help those courageous countries which have already launched a population policy of their own, or want to do so, by freely giving advice and assistance and by promoting research on the largest scale.

To take a specific case, at the moment the World Health Organization has been debarred by religious pressure from even considering population density as a factor in the world's health: we can all bring counter-pressure to get this ban removed. We can also campaign to get the United Nations itself to formulate, proclaim and implement a World Population Policy.

We have learnt how to control the forces of outer nature. If we fail to control the forces of our own reproduction, the human race will be sunk in a flood of struggling people, and we, its present representatives, will be conniving at its future disaster.



#### FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS SERIES BY:

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#### "One Day Too Late"

PATRICK SKENE CATLING examines the Shelter Situation in America

T would not be wrong to state that in American conversation to-day the subject of nuclear shelters generally looms very, very large.

It began for me on my first evening in California, in the sponsors' booth of a television studio in Burbank. A representative of the chemical company sponsoring a "spectacular" being filmed there and then in "Living Color" (which glows with all the radiant splendour of an embalmer's cosmetics) turned from the monitor screen and the tiny spectacle of a blonde in a turquoise gown and said: "I read in the paper an advertisement they'll build you a shelter now and finish it in any of six pastel shades, no extra charge."

Nothing is too remote from The Subject to remind people of it. A couple of nights later, at my first Hollywood party since the Korean War (the good old days), a group of us were reclining like Roman patricians on the floor around our dinner plates (a new Californian tradition), when one man approvingly tapped a knuckle against the marble slab that formed the top of the low table. "Solid," he said. "I'm having my shelter dug right out of the

side of the hill under my home. It's going to have lead doors two foot thick and wall-to-wall carpeting and a deepfreeze full of Porterhouse and of course air conditioning and stereo hi-fi. Also the periscope is going to have different special tinted optical lenses to use according to how bright the weather is. The contractor figures he can finish the job in under six weeks. Working night and day shifts." "How much'll it set you back?" a younger man politely enquired, asking the question that everybody in that community always wants asked. "Forty-eight grand," was the reply. "And it's good not only against fallout. This baby you can't hurt with blast even." There was a respectful pause. Although everyone in his audience knew that this particular Noah was making \$1,250 a week writing musical jingles to sell detergents, \$48,000 was still quite a tidy sum. Noting with gratification that he still, so to speak, held the floor, he added: "I'd rather be dead than red, of course; don't get me wrong; but maybe this shelter thing is a third alternative."

The very next day, inspired, I visited the local Civil Defence headquarters, a veritable hive of inactivity. A girl painting her fingernails beneath sombre recruiting poster told me the director was out of town, but the official spokesman for the organisation told me that they had been "four times as busy since President Kennedy made his last speech about fallout and the beginning of the Berlin crisis." The spokesman said the Office of Civil and Defence Mobilisation in Washington was not prepared to endorse any particular methods of shelter construction that might provide overall protection against nuclear explosions, and from the worn and furtive smile that caused his mouth momentarily to twitch I deduced that others had asked the same question as I and that nobody knew the answer. Perhaps there isn't one. "The Government policy is to recommend shelters against fallout only," he said. "That's the policy." He gave me a Government booklet, and wished me luck, and I read the title, "Survive Nuclear Attack," and thanked him and said I'd try. "Face These Facts," the booklet began. "A 20megaton explosion on the surface of the earth can kill most people and destroy most buildings within a 5-mile radius of ground zero, a total of about 80 square miles." I had planned to go to a drive-in restaurant to eat a nutburger and drink a jumbo malted milk-shake on the way home, in honour of the hero of Aldous Huxley's novel After Many A Summer Dies The Swan, but I had lost my appetite; the title suddenly seemed sad.

Instead, I telephoned some of the nuclear shelter-builders listed in the Los Angeles classified telephone book and asked for their brochures. "We can send a highly skilled consultant to measure your space for an excavation right away," said the man at the Nuclear Survival Corporation, "Los Angeles' Original Designer-Builder of Quality Shelters since 1959," which offers "a highly blast-resistant fallout shelter." "You know our slogan," he cheerfully told me. "'The Day You Need Us Will Be One Day Too Late." But I wanted to be fair to the other



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companies too, so I declined the offer.

The next morning was blue and golden, but my mood was dark puce as sat in a Japanese garden near a swimming pool and contemplated some "everlasting" plastic hydrangeas in the genuine rockery and wondered which would prove better resistant to fallout. One of the little witticisms in Walter Winchell's column that day was "Love Thy Neighbor: he may build a fallout shelter before you do." This item had reminded me of a recent Philadelphia report that the people's favourite evangelist had assured anxious fathers that their first duty was to protect their families so it was perfectly all right to keep guns and use them, if necessary, to keep intruders out of family shelters. One Philadelphian had suggested that the intruders might be beaten to death with heavy family Bibles. My reverie was ended by a Negro in a pale blue pith helmet and pale blue uniform who emerged from a grove of palm trees. "You got plenty of mail to-day," he said with a congratulatory smile, and handed me bulky envelopes headed

Lancer Fiberglass Blast and Fallout Shelter, Protective Enterprises, Inc. (whose writing paper is decorated with a red mushroom-shaped cloud and the rather theological question "Are You Prepared?"), Fox Hole Shelter, Inc., and Lloyds Bank. There was much thought-provoking reading ahead.

Fox Hole Shelter, Inc. (slogan: "Everyone Is A Target"), had put out some of the more compelling literature. "Mr. and Mrs. America," it began, "No one likes to think of bare survival as the only alternative for his loved ones, but . . ." There followed an explanation of fallout, a cross-sectional diagram of a prefabricated steel and concrete spherical shelter buried in somebody's garden, and a number of suggested rules of conduct underground after the bombs fall. "Have good thoughts in mind," the company recommended. "Good thinking will help pass the time away."

Protective Enterprises, Inc. (President: Reno H. Sirrine), offered a shelter whose "fiberglass mold is a pleasant blue-green color and was

designed to create atmosphere as pleasant as possible considering the circumstances during the confinement period. It is maintenance free; you never need to worry about corrosion, termites, rotting, cracking or ripping "—only, presumably, about foreign affairs.

There are many shelters being built in the United States that are not much more elaborate than the corrugatediron Andersons of World War Two. Small ones don't seem to exert such a paralysing grip on their owners as do some of the more luxurious custombuilt models.

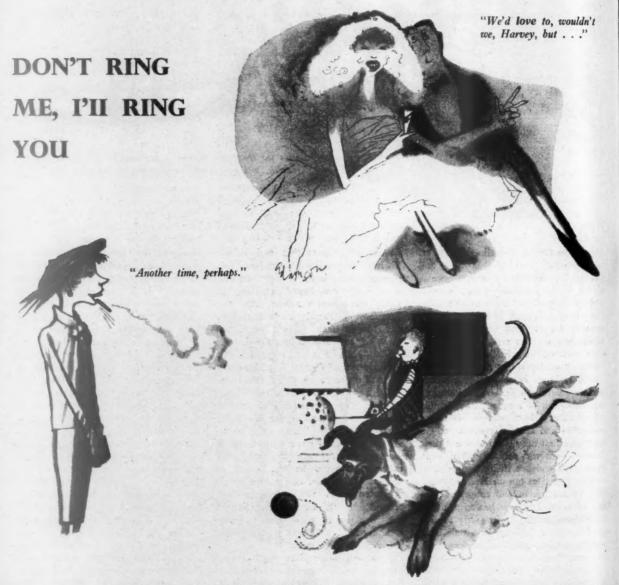
One wealthy widow in Maryland said that she had lived her life and didn't really care much whether or not a bomb fell on her. "But I've had a shelter constructed for the sake of the neighbour's children," she said. She added that she was leaving almost immediately for her last holiday in Europe. It was going to have to be a brief one, because she believed, perhaps remembering Napoleonic paintings, that the Russians were most dangerous militarily when snow was falling. "After I get back—

assuming I do," she said, "I'm not going to accept any invitations except from people who have shelters too."

The widow of a United States senator, a well-known liberal Democrat in his day, told me she had just had four shelters built on her estate and was considering getting another built for her cows. "The Government's stored enough canned food underground to last us for two years after an attack," she said, "but it would be nice to have

some fresh milk. I'm not quite sure what to do this winter. I had looked forward to closing the house and going down to Florida for the season, but I can't really leave the shelters, can I?"

Not everybody feels possessed by shelters. One of the commanders of the Aberdeen Proving Ground, the establishment in Maryland where the Army tests many weapons and other military equipment, said the whole question of surviving nuclear attack seemed to him to be largely a matter of chance. He said his family would simply go down into the basement if there were an alert. So far he seems to have saved some hundreds or thousands of dollars with his theory that "either it kills you or it doesn't," and if the worse came to the worst he couldn't lose anything more than his life. After all the rest of the talk, the soldier's casual attitude seemed almost encouraging.



"It looks as though Bonzo is developing the sniffles, so I'm afraid-

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#### Easy Go, Anyway

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I'VE been feeling a little relieved that the compilers of this latest where-the-money-goes book\* did not come and stick their foot in my door. Apparently they asked "thousands of householders to give details of every penny spent over a three-year period," and as far as I can tell from surveys of the Survey, everybody turned in a pretty orderly treatment, mainly under those stale old headings of Food, Clothes and Housing.

If they'd asked me I should have been thrown. How do you list athlete's leather wristbands, or glass domes for skeleton clocks bequeathed by aunts?

\*Family Expenditure Survey, 1957-59, 12s. 6d. from any good HM Stationery Those are the things my money goes on; also electric floor-polisher maintenance, ants' eggs, foot-control fittings for tape recorders, hosepipe nozzles, waxed-paper boxes of orange juice, and so much plastic-covered spring curtainwire that you can't open a drawer in the house without a few yards jumping out across the room. I am a compulsive purchaser of ratchet screwdrivers, though they are always elsewhere when wanted.

How much of this is Food, Clothes and Housing? I suppose the liberalminded statistician would slop a few of them over into the main categories. The orange-juice under Food, perhaps, together with punnets of wayside strawberries, theatre matinée teas at 12s., including small tip, for a party of four. Does a round of speech-day Knickerbocker Glories count? It's doubtful. To the thousands polled, food seems to mean butter, eggs, meat and poultry. As to Clothes, can we include a set of fezes bought on a whim in Casablanca? Three pairs of macintosh trousers intended for a Broads holiday subsequently cancelled? Eight pairs of wellington boots (it's a three-year period, remember, and a growing family all the time).

They all look very much like Sundries to me. I haven't the official figures handy but I bet their Sundries hardly get into double figures in shillings. Looking through my cheque book stubs I seem to be all Sundries. What's a prefabricated garage at £103 10s. but a sundry? Coming down the scale a bit, and willingly forgetting that the garage had to have another seventy-five pounds' worth of concrete floor, run-up and soakaway, what about ball-point refills, subscriptions to nuns, scything the long grass at the back (£4 7s. 6d.), suctionised stick-on (i.e., drop-off) shopping reminders, to rewiring kitchen £13 10s. 3d., new back for grandfather clock . . . and those endless anti-splash tap fittings that turn out the wrong size when you try them, and get chucked behind the bureau flap with all the torch batteries, bottles of glue, dog's name-plates, sets of broad-nibbed poster pens (dull reminder of a project for the long winter evenings), guides to the Acropolis, boys' over-wound watches, large-scale maps of London showing Shooters Hill (only worn once), and little pink press-button purses containing inflatable neck cushions for second-class rail travel abroad?

How do I classify bee removal?

No one wanted to remove our bees. We spent a fortune on phone calls before we ran a bee-remover to earth near Godalming, later adding the cost of his petrol to his fee, tip and two bottles of beer (say £2 2s. in all). Rats at least were removed by the Council. Tip 10s. though. And your meticulous book-keeper would want to know how



"You see, it rather depends on Mother."



"Saturday week then—sanity permitting."

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"Let me put it this way, Miss Longworth, you are entrusted with the care of my child for six hours a day, yet what do I know about you?"

to charge out one portion best end of neck for rat-catcher's dog say, 3s. 9d.

I really need a separate column for tips. If that isn't allowed I'll have one labelled "Drive," because most of the tips are associated with the drive. It's very steep. The coalmen don't like it, the dustmen don't like it, the men who empty the cesspool (10s. a call) don't like it. Men delivering prefabricated garages simply hate it. It costs plenty to keep them all sweet. (All right, I suppose it could go under Insurance if you don't want to find eight hundred turfs dumped in the road and carry them up one at a time on a tin tray.) Besides, under "Drive" we could include gate-post repairs, and the cost of replacing the great henges of Horsham stone knocked out of the retaining wall by coal lorries, dust carts and others willing to be bribed for the ascent but having no vehicle-pride.

What about the purchase, maintenance and repair of dogs' little tartan raincoats? It looks like Clothes, but is it? The whole business of pet upkeep is difficult. Pets mean vets. Also

kennels, baskets, harnesses, rubber balls, animal crockery, rabbit pieces, brushes and combs, re-french-polishing gnawed TV table-legs and, in the experience of many, compensation to guests whose new coats get their hems nibbled off while hanging in the hall. "Mr. Average," as the papers are calling him familiarly, has no slot in his budget for all this-except that I see he gives his children 2s. 11d. a week pocket money; and this seems about the only department flexible enough to meet pet-outgoings. "Now, Kevin, you know very well he's your doggie; better start saving to buy Mrs. Pritchard another coat."

I am not a well-organised man, financially. If I knew where my money went I should be only too glad to fit an appropriate expenditure category round it. I see among my paid cheques, for instance, one dated only last August saying "F. McD. Hall, £26 5s." and have no idea what it represents. Hall? It could be stair-carpet. I find the names of carpet shops hard to retain once the bills have stopped coming in.

It may even have been the two wandering gravel-merchants who called on my wife saying that they happened to have a load left over from another job, ideal for patching the scarred rectangle outside the back door. They were in such a hurry to get the cheque to the bank that they forgot to come back and roll the stuff, and while we were on holiday the rains washed it into a high ridge at the north end of the vegetable garden. Some psychological influence may well have made me forget the whole incident until now. twenty-five guineas gone somewhere. I'm afraid it's just another one for the Sundries column, with the deck-chair canvases, do-it-yourself drain-unstopper, potter's wheel and bag of clay (evening classes 1957), piano-tuning, roll of meat-safe gauze to keep moths out of the bedroom (still on the coalhouse shelf), holiday coaching for one in Eng. Lit., £8 8s. (failed), season's reserved seats in the south stand of Hove cricket ground (never went), flag-days, elastic knee-bandage, bass drum and high-hat cymbal, visit to Glyndebourne (£9 odd, not strictly classifiable as Entertainment, were such a heading admissible), patent washingup bowl embodying rinsing-water compartment (wouldn't go in sink), reunion dinner photographs (excellent of the toastmaster), two tits' nesting-boxes, hire of morning suit, Christmas cards (£22 3s. 9d., over the period), and two not unpleasing watercolours, £18 in all, the result of invitations to take sherry at private views by artist friends.

I don't say that this is an exhaustive breakdown. Certain outgoings elude the memory. I remember coming out of a shop in East Grinstead, carrying something or other I'd paid four pounds four and fourpence for. I hardly like to mention being bidden to a Display of Children's Dancing, which threw up a prior engagement and £2 2s. in aid of the Refugees and my conscience. I say nothing of the cost of gutterclearance, leaving-presents, plastic wood, or being allowed to fell a neighbour's silver birch in order to admit the sun to my lawn. No, as a breakdown it isn't comprehensive, but it's a breakdown of the kind that the Family Expenditure Survey, 1957-59, hardly seems to touch on. A nervous one, I'd almost venture to say, looking back.

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## The Riots at Coneybridge

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE trouble started when Miss Hilda Phelps, Headmistress of the Girls' Grammar School, sent Emily Pinchin home for wearing a large cairngorm on a pottery background marked "A Present From The Gorbals." Her father called an emergency meeting of the British Legion and got an overwhelming vote of support for his appeal to the Ministry of Education. Instead of consenting to peace talks, Miss Phelps sent Toddy Pinchin home for wearing gilt shoe-laces.

At a press conference, Mr. Pinchin said "I yield to nobody in my respect for Miss Phelps as a scholar; but I have read Magna Carta and there are some things a man cannot truckle to and keep his soul unimpaired."

Refusing to hold a press conference, Miss Phelps said she would not grant an interview to any journalist without a

Feeling was running high and the town was divided between those who supported the right of a school to exact conformity and the right to select one's own décor when the Rector threw a bombshell by announcing that, as a gesture of solidarity with Miss Phelps, he would refuse to marry couples unless the groom wore morning dress and the bride wore a veil.

Rapidly organising his supporters, Mr. Pinchin persuaded the choir into striped surplices and, when the Organist expelled them, made them occupy seats in the nave, still in the banned costume, and sing loudly and professionally to the discomfort of the congregation.

The next blow was struck by the Chairman of the Magistrates, who announced that fines would be doubled on defendants not wearing dark suits and no girl in rhinestone spectacle-frames would get bail. In reply, a complete Coroner's Jury insisted on sitting in football jerseys.

Dr. Jenkyn Jones, the Headmaster of the Boys' Grammar School, who never felt happy out of the limelight, roamed his classrooms until he discovered a boy with a coloured handkerchief. He promptly banned coloured handkerchiefs and sent the boy home to get a signed apology from his father and a white replacement. The father, at a press conference, said he could make no statement as he had sold his story to a Sunday newspaper. Tension rose and the Mayor asked for the Police to be reinforced. An Inspector was sent to take over in the town and promptly suspended four constables for wearing bicycle clips embossed with girls' names.

An attempt by the Tennis Club to insist that ladies should wear skirts below the knee when playing was defeated by a narrow majority, consisting mainly of new members specially signed up by Mrs. Pinchin. However, the attempt by Estelle Pinchin to play in Baby Doll pyjamas was not generally supported and when Lois Pinchin appeared for the semi-finals of the Ladies' Doubles in a bikini and a hat saying "Boy, Am I Hot?" opinion swung back to the party of conformism.

Flushed by its victory, this made an irretrievable mistake. A by-law was rushed through banning the Park to wearers of open-necked shirts and a mob began to gather. The Police had the situation in hand until the Chief Constable arrived and sent several off duty for wearing lavender-coloured gloves. With the balance of forces shifting in their favour, the mob began forcibly opening the shirt-necks of passers-by and the Curate, who attempted to get the crowd to join in an undenominational sing-song, had his dog-collar torn off and thrown to the swans. At this point a new sensation caught the fickle attention of the mob.

It was learned that in future the Fire Brigade would expel any member who did not keep his lawn weeded. Four non-gardeners barricaded themselves in the station and announced that they would answer calls only from people living in flats. They then appeared at an upstairs window wearing trilbies.

A hurried meeting of the Mayor, Borough Council, Chief Constable, Archdeacon and Director of Education agreed, with some difficulty, to a manifesto giving all inhabitants freedom of apparel within the bounds of decency; but this failed to appease the mob. Crying "What's good enough for Lady Chatterley is good enough for us," they caught the Deputy Head of the Secondary Modern School and were about to tar-and-feather him, rather meagrely, when a rumour ran through the town: "Curly" Watson, the captain of the football team and a local hero, had announced his intention of taking the field against Nonna Monachorum wearing not the town's beloved colours but a cowboy outfit. Revulsion changed the mob into a meeting of earnest citizens intent on the preservation of all that was best in the town's way of life. Within a matter of minutes the park was empty. The streets sobered beyond belief. And, at the Pinchins, Emily stood by sobbing bitterly as her father took a hammer to her cairngorm.

#### THEN AS NOW

Perhaps the coconut-producing countries will benefit from Mr. Khrushchev's activities. It's an ill wind . . .



THE MILK CRISIS.

COSTER PARENT EXPERIMENTS WITH COKERNUTS.

December 6, 1916

Vol. I

# **FAILURE**

No. 2

"In a civilisation dedicated to Success there is need of a forum for dissenters. This need we are resolved to fulfil."

Our Manifesto, Vol. 1, No. 1

#### Hail and Farewell

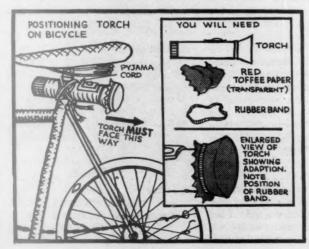
We have to inform readers that this second issue of Failure must perforce be our last. There will no doubt be gibes from our competitors, but our shoulders are narrow, and derision will run off. Readers, on the other hand, remembering the statement of principles so recently set out in this column, will feel that we have been faithful to them in our fashion.

And now an apology. Several attractive features had been promised for this issue, and we regret that most of them have failed to materialise. Many factors were involved. Contributors lost confidence in themselves at the typewriter in some cases; others had their marriages break up at the crucial moment; at least two were summoned from their work to attend examinations in bankruptcy; and Mr. Walter Ramble, who was to have written on Gas Cookers: Their Care and Maintenance, was unfortunately injured in an explosion. Book reviews have also had to be held over (indefinitely, as it proves) owing to a land subsidence under our reviewer's house at Esher, volumes on which he was working being unfortunately buried in the collapse. Matters were not improved by a small fire at our printing works.

Nevertheless we hope readers will find something to their taste, and would particularly recommend our long, complete attempted-murder story.

#### Care of Your Bicycle - No. 2

When your rear-lamp battery has become too corroded to remove, fasten transparent red toffee-paper over the lens of an ordinary hand-torch and lash it below the seat with pyjama cord, taking care that the torch points backwards.





#### THE FACE IS UNFAMILIAR

GEORGE JOHN RUNNABLE, b. 1910, son of a builder, spent early years in half-completed bungalow on outskirts of Godalming. Was keenly interested in natural history, especially bird-watching, until a tree hide which he had erected collapsed under him in 1928. Savaged by a guinepig, 1929. Other hobbies have included conjuring, the mandolin, matchbox collecting (he once had over a hundred, all the same) and correcting grammatical errors in the margin of library books. Describing himself as a jack of all trades, he has worked as a hairdresser, temporary postman and outside porter. Edited two issues of the magazine, Failure. Among his unpublished works are notes for a play, Fool's Gold, and the song lyric, My Dreams and I. Has a mandolin and a conjuring set for sale.

#### Did You Know?

The Brontosaurus is the largest known land animal, at 70 ft. long. Is extinct.

The cathedral of St. Pierre in Beauvais, begun in 1225, has the higher choir in Europe (153 ft.). Its roof fell in in 1284. The spire (500 ft) collapsed in 1573. The nave was never built.

#### On Other Pages

The Out-Patients of St. Moritz			 	
Stranded in Monte Carlo		* *	 	
My Life as Twelfth Man			 	
My Greatest Disappointment (N	0. 2)		 	
The Neville Chamberlain Story			 	
An Unknown Publicist			 	
The Lost Guide (Poem)			 	
Why I Gave Un Surgery				

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#### **Your Questions Answered**

Y husband is a junior executive (aged 62). I think he is beginning to worry about not having had coronary trouble—all the other executives of his age in the firm have. What should I do?

(Mrs. J. H., Walthamstow)

Do not worry: if you are right he may develop ulcers, which will probably satisfy him.

When my ship comes in I shall have money to invest. Have you any suggestions? (P. M. D., Painswick)

Try Blarney Minerals, who are drilling for oil near Dublin.

A successful strike would relieve Britain of dependence on the Middle East sheikhdoms. If you prefer something smaller, J. G. Runnable c/o "Failure," is looking for capital with which to develop throw-away paper shoes.

My boy-friend has been taking me out to dine at the coffee stall on the Embankment. I was getting quite friendly with

him, but now I find that he is heir to a newspaper empire. Should I have known all along he was a phoney?

Yes. People like us, my dear, prefer to eat in the basements of chain tea-shops. The establishment you mention is typical of another sort of people "slumming."

I have written an autobiographical novel describing my life in a St. Pancras bed-sitter. It has been published and reviewed, and several people seem to have bought it. Now my publishers want me to write another. At first I was terribly pleased, but I am finding it difficult to adapt my way of life to s\*\*\*\*\*ss. Can you help?

(J. B. C., Belgravia)
Your problem seems to be becoming more and more common. Honestly, you have only yourself to blame. We are sending you some suggestions in a plain envelope.

#### At the Pictures

ANNOUNCED last week that in this article I was going to review Victim, but owing to a misunderstanding about programme times at my local I found myself watching a super-glossy local-boy-makes-good affair which would not be of any interest to the readers of this magazine.

Instead, as this is likely to be my last real chance of carrying any weight with the cinema-industry moguls of Britain, I shall here briefly outline the sort of film I think this country ought to be producing. I happen to have by me a scenario which has so far aroused no interest, but which ought to give an idea of what I mean. I gladly acknowledge my debt to our great Italian contemporaries.

The action takes place in and around a Cornish tin-mine, and the main characters are a grandfather, father and son who continue to work the mine in the belief that somewhere it still contains a seam of ore. They have kept to themselves so much that they speak a dialect which not even other Cornishmen understand (this will enable us to use subtitles). They only have one shovel, so two of them are free to argue while the third digs. After a few reels showing their way of life, the son rebels. Convinced that the mine could be made into a successful holiday camp he hitch-hikes to Lostwithiel and hires, by sign language, a "resting actress named Dora to act as hostess. On her return the father falls in love with her, but misunderstanding the grandfather's signs she persuades herself that he alone knows where the tin-seam really is and marries him. Father and son go off in disgust to work a neighbouring mine, and the film ends with a sequence showing Dora digging away in the mine while grandfather argues endlessly with himself in a language she doesn't understand. We ought to be able to cut it into four hours.

## Holiday Snapshot Competition Result (Delayed)

The winner, Mr. Arthur Bloodshed, Green Ridges, Cuckfield, Sussex, thinks this winning entry was taken at Cannes during his short term of office as a travel agency courier, but it may be Casablanca. Our judges describe it as a well-judged spoilt negative, and say that many competitors overdid this effect, some being entirely blank. In photography as in other activities, they point out, there is a distinction to be drawn between impaired achievement and no attempt at all.





Part of a celebratory statue commissioned in 1924 by a body interested in the restoration of the Mexican Imperial Family. The sculptor, Joseph Szadzjh, has almost completed the left-hand group. The work can be inspected on the premises of the Redilone Pledge Co., Balham.

#### AROUND THEATRE-QUEUES

#### By Our Music Critic

West End theatregoers have a rich field of entertainment open to them this week, from Albert Turver's handwind gramophone, pram-mounted, outside the Vaudeville—his performance of Harry Lauder's Keep Right on to the End of the Road achieves audience participation nightly—to that lively little combination, The Fulham Three (2 cornets, I collecting-box), outside the St. Martin's. The leader, Ronald Nushett, once played third trumpet "in the pit" during the ill-fated musical, Don't Worry, It's Washable.

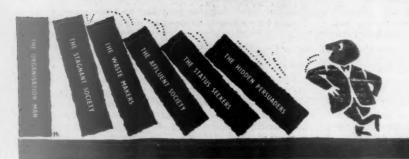
Queuers at the Adelphi can watch Bert and Flo Skinner somersault while rendering old favourites on accordions, and at the Globe and the Apollo, one collector doing for both queues, Harry the Whiner is attracting many remarks with his musical-saw selections. Harry tells me, by the way, that he is still in the running for assistant stage carpenter's job when the National Theatre gets built.

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#### THE CATEGORISED SOCIETY

Too late to expose his contemporaries as status-seeking, affluent, waste-making or stagnant, H. F. ELLIS opens up a new vein of social distinctions

#### 2 The Random Harvesters

S one peers and prods into the multitudinous ramifications of modern society it is impossible to resist the conclusion that almost everything is extremely widespread. This is not perhaps a matter for wonder in an investigator's early days when he is seeking material for a Ph.D. thesis and has got no further than the seven deadly sins. He has only to write down, let us say, "The Slothful Society" at the top of a piece of paper and then go out and knock at a few doors, intercept housewives at launderettes, and so on, to discover that sloth is practically a national industry. Everybody he questions will be able to describe one or two glaring instances of it in others; some will even admit to a liking for doing nothing themselves. He may well be embarrassed at first by the wealth of available documentation and be hard put to it to express anything in percentages of less than a hundred, until he begins to probe deeper and learns that 64 per cent of the managerial and professional classes rest with their legs stretched out straight in front of them as against a 68 per cent preference for crossed knees among municipal workers, while married men in the distributive trades are five and a half times more likely to have newspapers over their faces than dentists or obstetricians. He will also learn to distinguish degrees of sloth and to equate them in some way with educational backgrounds and maladjustment.

The catholicity, then, of his chosen target should be no surprise to the sociologist who confines himself to the better known vices and vagaries of society. But I confess that when, in a relaxed mood after studying the Umbrage Takers and before undertaking a survey of the Unmuddied Oafs, I began to stop strangers in the street and ask them what they

had got that did not belong to them I was hardly prepared for the overwhelming results I ultimately obtained. Almost everybody indulges, to some degree, in what Rathbone has called "random harvesting."

It should be made clear at once that what is under investigation here is not stealing, pilfering, petty larceny, shoplifting, kleptomania or even souvenir hunting. All those interviewed were persons of the utmost probity and respectability, who would rather leave sixpence on a news-stand for an evening paper than risk being seen picking up change to which they were entitled. All had reasons that seemed to them sufficient for possessing things that they had neither bought nor been given, even where they were unaware that they had them until asked to turn out their pockets or allow their houses to be ransacked by my team of assistants. Few showed any sense of guilt, though fear of exposure was occasionally noted. Many who began with an indignant and obviously sincere denial that they ever took anything that was not theirs felt that an "Oh, that!" was an adequate explanation when their particular weakness came to light. One elderly man who was found to have eleven matchboxes about his person insisted that the investigator turn out his pockets, said "There you are, you see!" when three more came to light, and finally went away with fourteen, still convinced that it was second nature to a smoker to pick up any box that was lying about. But truculence was rare.

People who pick up matchboxes belong in general to the group who will pocket anything that they might have brought with them—pencils, ball-points, packets of cigarettes of a kind they are accustomed to smoke, bits of india-rubber, sun glasses, deck chairs, etc. The underlying belief here is clearly "Hallo, that's mine," and the act of pocketing (or, in the case of deck-chairs, popping in the boot) is an instinctive precaution based on innumerable remembered occasions when pencils and other items have in fact been left behind.\* Mr. Johnson, a bank manager, stated definitely that he would never pick up so much as a safety pin in somebody else's house if he was certain that he had left home without one; to do so would be little better than stealing. But if he thought he might have had one on him, the chances were that any he found lying about were it. Asked whether he would deliber-

<sup>\*</sup>Schindler regards it as an automatic property-defence mechanism, closely allied to the habit of sitting with folded arms in tube trains, the left hand pressing against the wallet.

ately take e.g. a pencil lying on the arm of his chair of a kind unfamiliar to him, he replied that a busy man had no time to note the make of the many pencils that might pass through his hands in the course of a day. This may well be true. Of two hundred subjects chosen at random, only 24 per cent were able to state what brand of pencil they were carrying, and 80 per cent of these were wrong.

The removal of club writing paper, which would undoubtedly be on a very much larger scale if these institutions ever put out more than a few dozen sheets at a time, brings us to a basically different form of harvesting. There can be no suggestion here of taking what one might conceivably have had from the start. The principle is that the paper is provided for use and that it can make no difference to the supplying institution whether it is used on or off the premises. But I found a curious reluctance to take envelopes to match. While keeping watch in a north-country railway hotel I noticed that most correspondents, after scribbling a short note, slipped quite a sizeable wad of paper into handbag or overcoat breast pocket but seemed to be inhibited from adding more than one or at most two envelopes-and that only after a deal of pen tapping and a glance at the ceiling as though seeking to reckon up outstanding and urgent mail. It might be urged that the letters they had to write would be

of great length, say ten or twelve sheets to each envelope, and this would in fact explain why they were unable to complete their correspondence in the writing room; but in no case did those to whom I was able to put the direct question "Why did you take so few envelopes?" advance this or indeed any other intelligible reason. There appears to be a subconscious or only dimly apprehended feeling that paper is just paper, whereas envelopes are practically property.

The "on or off the premises" principle is better understood in the middle and upper classes than among the less well-to-do. Of nearly two hundred women asked at the barrier of a London terminus "Do you slip wrapped-up sugar from dining-car bowls into your handbag?" the 17 per cent who said "Certainly" and seemed surprised at the question were all fashionably turned out, while the great majority of the 36 per cent who took to their heels showed evidences of a working-class origin. Those who seemed undecided what to reply probably belonged to that transitional class who are on the way up but have not yet learned to appropriate what doesn't belong to them openly and with an air. You have to go to the best teashops, it has been remarked, to see the last sandwich really carefully wrapped in a paper napkin before being tucked away with the compact.

Clothes hangers, which are freely taken irrespective of



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social or educational background, can be grouped with mushrooms. They clearly belong to somebody else but are felt to be, by tradition and long usage, in the public domain. Or perhaps birds' eggs, before the passing of recent legislation, present a better parallel. It is all right, people feel, if you only take one. Soap however is stealing, even from railway companies, nor can I find much evidence that packets of tissue, paper towels or the pins and other miscellanea provided in guest-rooms are regarded as fair harvesting. Yet clips, drawing-pins, etc., are removed from offices in such numbers as occasionally to make brief-cases rattle on the homeward road. The distinction is perhaps soundly based on a conviction that soap, towels and so on, have had to be put there by someone and must be replaced if taken, whereas the idea of replenishing clips in offices does not occur. They are simply there.

The culling of pamphlets, leaflets, travel folders, etc., at stations, airports, agencies, exhibitions, and the like, hovers on the fringe of harvesting proper. On the one hand the things are there to be taken, which would seem to exclude them from consideration under this head. On the other, as Harbinger argues, they are not there to be taken by people with no conceivable interest in their contents, who in fact form the majority of the gatherers. A leaflet purporting to give the times of first and last trams in Vladivostok, introduced into the Russian Exhibition by one of my helpers and boldly marked "Cancelled" in red ink, was eagerly snapped up along with more official publications on farming in Georgia and Soviet dental equipment. There is certainly an

element of harvesting here.

Many people feel vaguely defensive about their inability. not to pick up unwanted pamphlets, and even try to formulate some kind of principle about it. "What I mean to say," one woman told me, "it's what you can pick up without exactly stopping, if you follow my meaning. In passing, as you might say-like reading a bit of somebody's postcard as you go by. I don't hold with just standing there and taking one of everything, I call that downright greedy." She was a Presbyterian with two children living in a £3,500 house on the outskirts of a manufacturing town in the east midlands, but I do not as yet see how to link that up sociologically with her attitude to free pamphlets. A great deal of work remains to be done in this field, particularly with regard to the public's reluctance to take anything handed to them. "I could stand there all day holding them out," one experienced demonstrator

told me, "and nobody would touch one. But put a pile out, not too tidy, turn my back, and they'll be gone in no time. You want their right hands to come to it, if you can guide 'em past the stand that way. I've known one man take twenty or more-on an egg-whisk that was-while I was tying up my

The general rise in income levels since the war has led to some interesting, and at times conflicting changes in the pattern of random harvesting. There is markedly less reading, without purchasing, at bookstalls and in secondhand bookshops, but porters complain that fewer newspapers are left about in railway compartments. The old belief that picking up pins from other people's carpets was the way to fortune has fallen out of favour, and there is less thrusting of hands down the sides of armchair and sofa seats-though the new furniture styles may have had some influence here. On the other hand, flowers are scooped up in armfuls by the guests after banquets, the action often being accompanied by a murmured "Well, if nobody else wants these . . . ": a phrase that used to be confined to knocking off the last two cucumber sandwiches at tea-parties. Shipping companies report an enormous wastage of plastic spears stuck into cocktail cherries, but this is balanced by a decline in the losses of artificial drinking straws from restaurants. There are undercurrents at work, swirls and eddies in the unplumbed deeps of social appetites and mores, that urgently call for intensive examination and analysis.

We shall perhaps touch indirectly on some of the problems involved when we come to consider the Rubbish Keepers.

> NEXT WEEK: THE PROUD OFFENDERS

#### A Cloud of Corkscrews

by A.P.H.

THIS is rather a scoop. I am able to announce the next winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. Or, if I am not, there is no justice in the world. He is the American genius, at present nameless, who thought of throwing not spanners but needles into Space—350,000,000 dear little copper needles which should now be circling the planet as importantly as any sputnik.

The object of the exercise, it seems, is to improve communications. We have long been able, by the magic of radio, to throw mud at the speed of light: and I should have thought that that was fast enough. But it is an innocent and peaceful purpose.

Since it is an American venture, though, there has been a cosmic

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twitter about this necklace of needles. "Uncommitted" folk who swallow any Russian projectile are straining badly at American needles. "Sir Bernard Lovell, of Jodrell Bank," I read, "objected to the needles on moral grounds," which made me laugh a little. "They will set a dangerous precedent which would become even more serious when problems on the approach to Mars and Venus arose." That, of course, must disturb us all: and I feel for our dear peaceful astronomers if the needles will really be a nuisance. But the needles will last for seven years only: and when they study the Russian objections they may, for the sake of Peace, forget their own. Mr. Keldysh, President of the Social Academy of Sciences, lodged

an objection to the effect that,

"the experiment may have dangerous consequences to artificial satellites of the earth, especially those with a man on board...

"The Russian belief is that, even if the needles did not damage the satellite itself, they might interrupt radio communication with it."

But, Brothers, how splendid! This is the best news for years and years.

Do not think that I am wantonly belittling the blessings of scientific research. I am thinking of the genial warning of a Mr. Khrushchev. He told us—what most of us had guessed—that the Gagarin-Tito-Space-Coach could as well carry—and drop—an atom bomb: and this, I suppose, would be the most convenient and accurate way



"I haven't quite finished that one yet."

of dropping things on London or New York City.

But if it is true that a single dose of copper needles can be a danger to those devilish things, to the men inside them, and the waves that work them, surely the Friends of Peace should throw up every bowler-hat in Whitehall. At last, it seems, the bullied peoples of the world have an answer to the bullies. "Look out!" we can say—yes, even poor little Britain can say—to Mr. Khrushchev: "Any more megatonitis from you—any more Space nonsense—any nonsense of any kind—and we will fill the sky with copper needles.

"Nor shall we stop at needles. We will send up rocketfuls of flick-knives too, and clouds of corkscrews with explosive tips—capable of piercing any satellite that you despatch. We have, you'll admit, been pretty decent about your scientific achievements. While the American, Powers, was still in one of your prisons, your Gagarin was fêted and kissed in London, and lunched at Buckingham Palace. The Prime Minister

sent a telegram to congratulate you (though not, I think, the President of the United States). Science, we thought, made brothers of us all (until your unfortunate remark about the bomb). But it has long rankled in a British soul or two that you can send your monsters over our defenceless heads, without the slightest notice or permission—and we cannot forbid, protest, or do anything about it. Well, now we can. Ha!—and again, Ha!

"So much for satellites. Now for your rockets—your jolly ICBM's—is that right?—and so on. Mr. Malinovsky cheerily remarked the other day: "West Germany, for example, could be devastated by eight H-Bombs." Charming thought! But wait a minute. Your rockets will have to force their way through five or six thick screens of sharp, explosive domestic instruments, orbiting at different levels—and some of them quite low: needles, knives, nails, skewers, saws, corkscrews, carving-forks—and then our tiny winged torpedoes. By one or other screen your

rockets will be pierced and pushed down-if not exploded-over your own beloved land. Even if that fails your radio instructions to the rockets will never get through to them. In short, till Space is properly used, we intend to forbid and prevent the use of Space. It belongs to the human race, not you: and now at last the human race proposes to assert its sovereignty. We should be sorry for the astronomers, and all peaceful scientific men-and the corkscrews and carving-forks, we fear, may last for more than seven years. But that cannot be helped. When Reason returns to Russia the Skies will be released to Science. I am instructed to add that the first Cloud of Corkscrews goes up - by Blue Streak - this evening.

That is just the sketch of the kind of speech I should like our Ambassador in Moscow to make at his next cosy chat with the Cosmic Clown.

And let us all salute the Unknown Hero—the Father of Needles; the progenitor of Peace.



# Whatever became of . .

. . . that curious Mr. Chad, so easy to draw, who used to poke his long bulbous nose over a wall anywhere from the tailboards of lorries to the backs of Latin primers, inquiring shrewdly "Wot No Lemons?" "Wot No Leave?" or "Wot No Second Front?" Typically British, he bore no malice, his job being to comment rather than complain, his manner resigned, not resentful. His arched eyebrows and poached egg eyes expressed surprise, but his diffident, ready-to-duck air and mournfully bald head seemed to show that he might have known it all along. He must have faded out with the last sweet coupons; I never saw him go. Symbol of shortages, what place would he have had in all this affluence? Though if he were to pop up again he'd still find plenty to say: "Wot No National Theatre?" perhaps, or "Wot No Universal Disarmament?" or even-whether in astounded disbelief or sad acceptance -"Wot No Me?"

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# Careers for Boys: the Judo Writer

By E. S. TURNER

F any sport has a greater outpouring of literature than judo, one would be glad to hear of it. Books readily available range from a junior primer to a First Zen Reader (there is a link, of sorts), from flicker books to an advanced work which contains "convincing descriptions of Twenty-Nine Strangulations, Twenty-Five Armlocks, Nine Leglocks and Six Neck Dislocations."

Judo's prestige is mounting. It has been upgraded to an Olympic sport and the judoka of Britain are now busy chartering aircraft to take them to the world championships in Paris in December—the first to be held outside Japan. Everywhere men, women and children are opening up dojos (lay a mat in a stable, in a Scouts' hut or the Albert Hall, and there you have a dojo).

The literary scope is wide, for judo, while basically a form of physical and mental training, is also a sport, an entertainment (though stern judo men deny this) and a fighting art. Carried to its ruthless extreme, it is pure mayhem and carried to the other extreme it is pure mysticism. Hence, one manual shows girls how to stab a stiletto heel into an attacker's foot (a ploy unknown to Professor Jigoro Kano when he cleaned up ju-jitsu and gave us judo) and another tells how to put oneself into a state of grace before attempting even such blameless devices as the Floating Loin Throw or the Major Inner Reaping.

Bull-fighting had to wait a long time for a Hemingway, and cricket for a Cardus, so one must not complain if the standard of judo writing leaves room for improvement. At present reports go like this: "Clark attacked with Sutemi-waza and O-uchi-gari, but Simpson countered with Uchi-mata and Sasae-tsurikomi-ashi. Then whose ankle was giving trouble, scored with a spectacular Waki-otoshi and put Scotland two ahead." This is all right as far as it goes-it is factual, and everyone knows what it means-but is there not room for the occasional poetic image, or a flicker of wit, or a hint that the experience is a transcendental one? The sight of a Seventh Dan clearing the mat of lesser Dans, luring them into power vacuums and somersaulting them effortlessly, is one to fill the layman with abiding wonder and send him home in something very like a state of

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"The tea will be contaminated, of course but it will be a comfort, none the less."

grace. We must have someone who can do justice to such a spectacle in print, someone touched by the divine afflatus who can yet distinguish a Reverse Lateral Cross Necklock from a Reverse Immobilisation of the Four Quarters and write in two languages simultaneously. You don't find writers like that in the pubs along the King's Road.

One gathers that high promotion in the black belt range is not to be gained without writing essays on subjects like "the action and reaction of the principle of balance on the physical, mental and spiritual phenomena" or "on mastership over emotional and mental self and spiritual phenomena." The Dan who can turn out the sort of stuff the examiners are looking for is hardly to be blamed if he muscles into the judowriting game and uses the more thoughtful portions of his essay in the introduction to his first manual.

Mostly the text-books show predestined battles between two baggy, bullet-headed fellows called Tori and Uke. Uke is the one who starts things and finishes flat on his back, tapping out surrender. Sometimes Tori and Uke take part in katas, or sequences in which the action is both idealised and stylised. They are expected to bring a high sincerity to their portrayal and not to occupy themselves with Form to the extent that they fail to identify themselves with the whole—these are the words of a distinguished Fourth Danotherwise their display will be no more than "a pale and lustreless reflection without truth or depth." It is as if a

butler and a footman were to become so obsessed with serving tea according to the Form that they forgot to put any tea leaves in the urn and offered only sparkling hot water. So the judo writer who expounds *katas* must warn his readers to preserve at all costs a spiritual mastery and demonstrate the essential *truth* of judo. If he cannot write this sort of thing, let him use what talents he has to report greyhound racing.

The writer we are looking for will urge his readers to enter the dojo with humility and reverence. Was not the dojo originally the hall of meditation in a Buddhist monastery? And is not judo a form of mental discipline? It is important, too, that the pupils shall be told to breathe in their lower abdomens, which has the effect of "concentrating our awareness of ourselves at our centre of gravity," not to mention developing the Kiai, or life force, and the Saki Tanden, which is a combination of

abdominal strength, willpower and spirit; a worthwhile combination, indeed.

At the mayhem level, the mentor will be careful to point out that the techniques of strangulation, gouging, kicking and so on are to be taught to, and attempted by, only those judoka who have shown themselves disciplined and responsible citizens. At a pinch, such measures may be used against armed men, or by women against men. The writer will be tempted to hint that he knows more than is wise about the esoteric martial arts of Japan (there are still secrets of the Samurai for sale) but if he is wise he will divert the interest of his pupils into kinetics or gravitation.

Judo manuals, it seems, are not read solely by practical devotees, There is a sedentary public which follows them critically, as other men follow chess problems. Let us assume that Uke, in the fifth immobilisation, has succeeded in extracting his right arm from under Tori's right armpit. Can Tori dislocate Uke's elbow in one move? These are problems which fascinate middle-aged men on tops of buses; and so long as they do not delude themselves that they, too, can flick delinquents over their shoulders in a dark lane, no harm is done.

There is scope for women writers, also. Women's, or rather ladies', judo is pushing ahead, though it is said to be easier to start a class than to keep it going. "Whereas a man expects to take a few knocks, some ladies are never seen again if they suffer a bruise," laments an instructor (male). So the first thing a lady judo writer must do is to shame her sex out of this selfish attitude. If she can do that she will experience a Major Inner Reaping of content.

#### Two Nobel Peace Prizes

A YEAR too late. And a world too late. One knows
The award committee are honest men, but live
In dread that their gift might land on someone's toes.
That they will do no damage with what they give
Is the height of their hope, or so one has to suppose.

Luthuli is harmless now. The State Police
Will not mind his being given a prize he can never take.
And Hammarskjöld whom, when alive, we did not cease
To jostle, deride, ignore, stint, use and forsake
Has found for himself a less arduous form of peace.

- PETER DICKINSON

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# The Dreariest and Longest Journey

B. A. YOUNG explores the motivation of the cabby

LDER readers must have felt a bit of a shock when they came across that story in the papers about the taxi-driver who was summoned because he had not driven from one place to another—from A to B, according to the Magistrate, though it appears to have been from Marylebone to New Oxford Street really—by the shortest route.

The basic taxi-driver as we veteran Londoners remember him made such a fetish of driving everywhere by the shortest route that all other considerations vanished from his mind like principles before a general election. Unless your course happened to lie straight ahead, he took a sort of mental compass-bearing across country on your destination, and then he went first left, first right, first left, first right until he got there. Here you were, hailing your cab at, say, Charing Cross and expecting a nice smooth ride to, say, the Holborn Restaurant by way of the Strand and Kingsway; and before you could say knife, which was a word you could say then without labelling yourself a teddyboy, you had dodged up past the Civil Service Supply Association and the Peabody Estate and come to rest in the impenetrable thickets of Covent Garden Market.

It took courage to slide back the window behind the driver's head and ask him where he thought he was going. In any case there was no point in it.

"Shortest route this way, guv."

This kind of taxi-driver wore a battered chauffeur's cap and distributed his chronic shortage of change among the pockets of three or four waistcoats. He is still to be seen in comic drawings of taxis.

How different from Mr. Joseph Albert Nava, whose route from Marylebone to New Oxford Street took him through Dean Street, Cambridge Circus and Upper Shaftesbury Avenue. When Mr. Nava's fare pointed out that this was a long way round, Mr. Nava replied, if we are to believe the fare, "I know, you are one of those Mini-cab people." Not a word about its being the

shortest route, not even the prettiest,

I suppose it is the spread of education among taxi-drivers that has given them this new independence—that and the fact that they are no longer expected to occupy a seat exposed to storm and tempest. The new generation of cabbies, shielded from the wind and educated by the London County Council, can meet their passengers on equal terms. I have had a long political discussion with a left-wing driver who obviously resented taking me to the Ritz. Between Fleet Street and Bertram Mills's Circus I have been given a fascinating lecture on spiritualism and was just about to hear about his materialisation phenomena when we arrived at Olympia. The driver was not himself a medium, he said, but to judge from the fact that he spent half the trip looking over his shoulder at me and never once hit any of the other traffic in the streets he was no mean practitioner of psychokinesis.

It is probably as well that taxi-drivers have got a bit more culture to fall back on, for they have a lot more problems than they used to have. Mini-cabs are the least of them. A week ago I hailed a taxi in Panton Street; the driver took no notice, but turned rapidly into Oxenden Street and halted abruptly in the middle of the road, not to pick up another

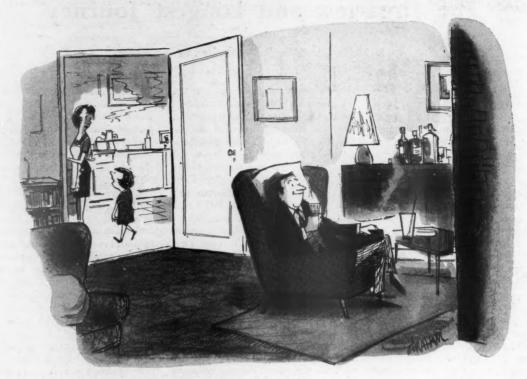
fare, but to block a Mini-cab who was anxious to draw out from the kerb. Being irascible by nature, I walked briskly after him and said (and I quote), "I suppose you think it's more important to keep that Mini-cab off the road than to pick up a passenger." "That's right," he said.

I proceeded northward, as the police say, as far as Coventry Street with the idea of preferring a charge, but instead I hailed another taxi and drove home, by the shortest route as far as I am aware.

But it goes to show that we passengers are up against more than we thought. Up till now we could always interfere with the driver's navigation with some show of confidence, even if the driver saw us off at once with some snappy catch answer like "They've made it one-way," "The road's up" or "You miss the traffic-lights this way." Now that we know the Hackney Carriage Act of 1843 allows the driver to go wandering all over the Home Counties if he wants to, we are left unarmed. If it suits him to go the way that passes his girl-friend's house, or the Oval, or the Mini-cab garage, we have no legal redress. All we can do is to stop him and get out, and a moment's reflection will show that there is no point in that, as we shall have to take another taxi



"Dogs are going to miss a lot when we have colour."



"I think he's unwound now . . ."

from the point of descent to this place B where we were going, which will cost us more than if we had stayed in the original cab.

All the same, I should be sorry to see anything laid down that compelled the drivers to go by the shortest way without any chance to use their discretion. Even if the average cabbie were not so honest (and I have been trailed from Chancery Lane to Carlton House Terrace by a taxi whose driver found my briefcase on the seat after I had got out) he still has a healthy regard for his tip, and the quicker his journeys are done, the sooner he is available to make the next; so he is hardly likely to try much of a detour in the hope of threepence extra on the clock when it would mean sacrificing a bob at the end of the journey. By and large, we can be fairly sure that the taxi-drivers are on our side. "Can you," I once asked one of them, "can you take me to Brixton Prison?" "Can I?" he said. "You mean will I?" I was only going to visit a

friend, but he obviously thought I was bound for a lagging. If he had decided to take me for a little trip around the prettier parts of South London that morning, I don't think I should have held it against him. On the other hand, he may simply have thought I was the kind of chap likely to beat him on the head with the butt of a pistol and make off with his takings.

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"The 1962 edition of Britain's Old Moore's Almanack ain's Old Moore's Almanac — renowed for prediction

- has forecast:

—The retirement of Soviet Prime Minister Harold Mac-Khrushchev.

—The retirement of British Prime Minister Harlod Macmillan.

—A royal birth
—A royal wedding

-Major British exploits in pace travel."

Buenos Aires Herald

Any newspaper troubles?

#### BLACK MARK . . . No. 23

... to the shop girl, waitress, manager, manufacturer or absolutely anyone who bleats "No one's ever complained before" as a justification for their faulty goods, terrible service or whatever it is I am regretfully calling to their attention. As if it had anything to do with the matter. All it does is to imply (a) that the Great British Public is even more crass than I imagined or (b) that I am a stinking liar, trying to pull a fast one on them.

Also to be banned for eternity, the maddening sentence invariably trotted out when a shop doesn't sell some such useful, desirable and ordinary object as a chopping board or a mouligrater or a bristle toothbrush (medium) or a cup of black coffee or a pair of feet-shaped shoes: "Oh no Madam, there's no demand for that." What can they mean? I've only just this minute demanded it myself. Do we have to march, a thousand strong, with banners?

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Essence of Parliament

N a way it was Hamlet without all sorts of Princes of Denmark. Monday's motion of censure on the Government for breaking negotiation agreements had been tabled by the Opposition in the expectation that all the teachers in England would on that day be taking time out from their school meals and be free to pitch their strike tents in the Central Lobby, seething down Whitehall to tell Sir David Eccles where he got off. It did not of course quite work out like that. The teachers under some protest had decided that seven-eighths of a loaf was on the whole better than no bread and therefore, having decided to accept the halfpence, they could not deliver their kicks in quite the uninhibited fashion that had been planned. Nevertheless some of them came along and milled about in the lobby a little, explaining to unbelieving policemen that they were not Nuclear Disarmers and had no intention of sitting down even if they were invited. Indeed two hundred and fifty of them, it seemed, found their way up to a committee room upstairs, where they were addressed by Mr. Robert Mellish who told them to take their gowns off and get properly into politics. On the floor Mr. Harold Wilson quite adroitly transferred the

debate into a general condemnation of the Government for playing fast and loose with arbitration machinery and managed, while he was about it, to be quite fairly beastly to Sir David after all. Mr. Lloyd replied by defending the general policy of the wagestandstill—which was a slightly different issue—and his speech was mainly interesting for the hints that he gave that he was going to do something about capital gains and property gains. What—is not as yet quite certain. The night went out to the unfamiliar sight of Labour Members cheering Sir Cyril Osborne. When that happens anything may happen. "Lightnings may come, straight rains and tiger sky," as Meredith would have put it.

It was indeed Word-Breaking Day for Ministers. Mr. Shinwell started off with a hare that he had received a letter from Mr. Kennedy which showed that British policy was more intransigent than American. He

sidled across the House like a crab

Sidling by Mr. Shinwell

and delivered the letter to the Government Chief Whip, who handed it on to Mr. Heath. Mr. Shinwell is par excellence a sidling man and, if he had ever had occasion to cross the floor of the House, we can be certain that, unlike a former Socialist colleague, he would have done it in style. But the letter when it came to be read did not seem to amount to much. That rabbit definitely did not run. The Swipe Direct at Mr. Heath came from behind him—a blow in the back indeed, if not exactly a stab. Mr. Paul Williams from Sunderland bluntly accused Mr. Heath of using one language to Europe and another to the Commonwealth. Mr. Williams seems for the moment to have taken over from Mr. Fell the role of the Rudest Back Bencher, and

his accusation was an almost undraped one against Mr. Heath's veracity. Mr. Heath, who is a man who prefers to laugh rather than to be angry, was not accustomed to accusations like that. He testily assured Mr. Manuel that he had not lost his temper but it did not appear that he kept it by any very wide margin.

any very wide margin.

Tuesday was concerned with a rather good little debate about the Coal Board. It was enhanced by a speech of stupefying erudition from Mr. Skeet, who appears to carry in his unhesitating head more statistics about the oil industry than anybody else can ever have forgotten. It would, I feel, be terrifying to be caught behind a bar by Mr. Skeet on a dark and rainy night. There would be no escape from the whole works. Then there was some good Nabarro knockabout, the mixture perhaps substantially as before, and some even better Geordie stonewalling from Mr. Blyton. Mr.

Stonewalling by Mr. Blyton

which it was both a matter of pride and of political advantage not to speak the Queen's English correctly. He is the best of men and may he have many more years of consistent mispronunciation before him. The debate also contained the incidental admission by the Minister of Power that the Coal Board was bust. But the Commons had not much time for that any more than the Lords had much time for Lord Listowel's grim prophecy that blood would be flowing in Malta as a result of the Government's new constitution. It was Fallout Day for legislators, and Commoners had come to hear Mr. Watkinson, Peers to hear Lord Hailsham, tell them what the scientists had to say about the dangers. This column is hardly the place for light persiflage on such

a topic. The truth is that the scientists, by their own con-

fession, do not know very much—the more so since no one at the moment is quite certain whether the Russians have unloosed the 50-megaton or not and by consequence whether it already counted in or whether it is still to come. They tell us, and we must accept it as the only cold comfort that we can get, that for the moment there is no danger to the babies' milk. How long that will still be so we cannot tell.

Blyton is the last of the representatives

of that old Ernie Bevinite tradition to

For scientists, who're in the know, Have confidently told us so. Oh, let us never, never doubt What nobody is sure about.

Oh, let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about.

It is a grim prospect. We used to comfort
ourselves that there were some deeds so

wicked that no one would commit them even against an enemy and in time of war, and the poisoning of wells was the most usual example given. Now here is a statesman, who is prepared to threaten babies' milk in time of peace, not even knowing against which babies the chance of wind may carry the threat.

— PERCY SOMERSET



Mr. Harold Watkinson

Progress

ONCE we could only pretend that the sabre-toothed tiger Wasn't outside when the mouth of the cave grew dark: Later, however, we conquered the forces of nature,

Relegating our fears to a prim zoological park. We had to create in their place an alternative bogey:

Our fathers were certain that science was man's best friend, But the ladder of progress is next to the snake of invention— Back where we started, to-day we can only pretend.

- ANTHONY BRODE

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#### In the City

#### Income Preferred

'HE undertakers' men are hard at it burying the cult of the equity. It already lies several layers below the lowest level of prices reached in the past two years—and more than 20 per cent below the peak reached last May. It is strange how rapidly a mood of optimism can vanish; strange, too, how once again the wisdom of the old Stock Exchange adage "Sell in May and go away" has been confirmed.

On this occasion the soothsayer had some powerful assistance from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. measures taken last July are really beginning to bite-so well, in fact, that one of the teeth, Bank rate, has begun to crack. Industry is finding the going much tougher and is not being helped by the rash of strikes now sweeping

through it.

Then there is the Common Market which looms more clearly ahead now that the negotiations between Britain and the Six are about to open in Brussels. In the long run the "bracing cold shower" will do n great deal of good to



those firms which do not catch pneumonia. But the shock will be considerable. It will come to parts of British industry as a traumatic experienceand the impact will be felt from top to bottom.

Resented or not, the pause in wages and, even more, in earnings, is taking place. In industrial profits, "pause" is a gentle understatement for what is happening. Cunards, Charterhouse, Cementation—here are three "Cs" whose recent experience show which way the equity wind is blowing.

The Chancellor's proposed capital gains tax on short-term profits in share and property deals may not net any revenue at all in the foreseeable future.

Meanwhile, it is a vague Sword of Damocles suspended over the market and (to mix the metaphors) yet another nail driven in the coffin of the equity cult.

What then, does the investor do? He goes for income which, at the moment, can be secured on generous terms. As the Selwyn Lloyd medicine works, interest rates are slowly coming down. They have some way to go yet, As they fall, so do the capital values of fixed interest securities rise.

There are still very good returns to be secured on the best class of industrial and investment trust prior charges. There is vast cover and absolute security in such stocks as Monsanto Chemicals 6 per cent debentures, to yield £6. 16s. per cent to redemption; or on Raleigh Industries 6 per cent

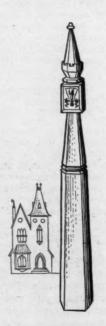
debentures to yield over £ 6.15s. per cent.
A company like Thorn Electrical Industries, which has paid ordinary dividends for more than 20 years, has outstanding 5 per cent preference shares which can be bought in the market at 13s. 6d. to yield nearly £7. 4s. per cent.

In the unit trust world, the waning of the equity cult is by no means an unmixed blessing. It allows the new saver to get in on a more reasonable yield basis. It has also brought considerable demand for those units which have put

## DESIGN FOR PARKING

Whatever form they took, concrete lamp standards aroused local indignation throughout the British Isles -as much for their praying mantis appearance as for the light they cast. Now that the parking meter is such a resounding success in London (except with motorists), the provinces have little time to decide on points of design before further aesthetic storms break over their heads.

Some extracts from "Punch Guide to Borough Architects" (now in preparation) are depicted . . .



"William Morris" c. 1862



The "Stratford"



" The Ampthill" c. 1800 (by Richardson, after Robert Milne)



The "Brighton c. 1858 (after Henry Ho and "Prinnie"

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the stress on income—as, for example, Crosby Income units in the Save and Prosper group, which yield 6½ per cent; Orthodox in the Commonwealth group which yield over 5 per cent; Falcon Trust in the Dillon Walker group which yield over 5¾ per cent; the unit specially catering for trustees, operated by the Municipal and General group, where the latest indicated yield is nearly 5½ per cent. In these various units the investor can get income but at the same time maintain a shrewd and well-administered stake in the equity market.

— LOMBARD LANE

hand drifted from the land—if such a leisurely verb can be used to describe the stampede which has reduced the total of the full-time agricultural workers (all sorts and sexes) from 642,000 in 1946 to 405,000 fifteen years later—and



#### In the Country

"Arrivederci, Fishguard"

FARMERS have been anticipating for years one of the consequences of joining the Common Market—the mobility of labour. During the war prisoners filled the gaps in agriculture's labour force, and some of the Italians stayed on as free men to earn a comfortable senescence in Italy.

Britain's sons of the soil on the other

left vacancies which in some districts could only be filled by importing the fratelli and cugini whom Giuseppe was delighted to rescue from the chronic unemployment of post-war Italy.

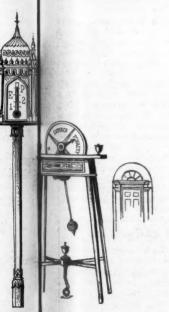
For some time a yearly average of 8,000 Italians has been coming to this country. Seven per cent of the men are agricultural workers, and it is likely that there are around 5,000 of them here at

this moment. That, incidentally, is more than the total of settlers in the White Highlands of Kenya.

I thought it appropriate to choose for my study of this migration my own home district, which witnessed the last invasion of Britain-Fishguard in 1797. We seem to have a higher proportion of Italians than most parts of Britain. Counting the workmen on all the farms touching my own I find one Italian for every two Welshmen. Coming mostly from the same villages, they live here in colonies. They take little part in local activities though their children attend the Council schools to learn English and even Welsh. They have come here to make as much money as they can but they work hard for it and live cheaply, and they return to Italy for a holiday only once in three or four years. It is amazing how much they can save; one man can send home over £300 a year, and the bankers of Fishguard would not be surprised to learn that the total approached £20,000 every year from that town alone.

So we shall soon be adding Italian as a compulsory subject at our agricultural colleges, and you may even have to study your phrase book before you risk a trip to the country.

- LLEWELYN WILLIAMS



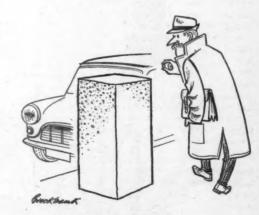
"Brighton c. 1858 The "Bath" C. 1790 (after John Planter)



The "South Ken" c. 1824 (after Cottingham's "The Ornamental Metal Worker's Directory")



The
"Frank Lloyd
Wright"
c. 1959



The
Contemporary Arts
Society





#### AT THE PLAY

Teresa of Avila (VAUDEVILLE)

Bonne Soupe (COMEDY)

The Death of Bessie Smith

The American Dream

(ROYAL COURT)

In spite of the best cast the West End has seen for some time, Teresa of Avila is a disappointment. Saint Teresa was a sixteenth-century Spaniard who, having joined the Carmelite Order, became dissatisfied with its laxity and seceded, in the teeth of great opposition, to found houses of her own where the Carmelite vows were more strictly enforced.

In a programme note Hugh Ross Williamson claims that nearly everything he has put into her mouth is what she said or wrote, and it may be that he has been too faithful, for the language is not inspiring. Certainly with any rebel saint

it is a fine start to have Sybil Thorndike to act her, but though Dame Sybil gives a crisp and delightful performance the portrait that emerges is not that of a great mystic but of a somewhat worldly administrator who made a fuss about poverty while being extremely fly in building up reserves of money for her Order.

In a series of short scenes the play covers the period from the founding of her first house to the point where, having run head-on into a clash of papal power politics, she appeals to King Philip and wins his backing. Some of these are a little tepid, though the scene at Court blazes with interest. Two serious weaknesses in the plot seem to drain the play of dramatic excitement. In the first place we are shown no signs of laxity among the Carmelites, nor can we see any difference between their régime and that of the reformed houses. Both appeared bleak but reasonably comfort-

able, apart from the horrors of a vegetarian diet. And in the second the crisis in her affairs springs from false allegations made by a sub-Prioress who stood out clearly from the beginning as a bad hat whose promotion was wildly unlikely.

Disappointing, but mildly interesting and very well acted. Dame Sybil is always a lovable rebel, and she makes us understand why Teresa's nuns adored her. Lewis Casson plays the Carmelites' father-General with great authority, Ernest Milton brilliantly suggests the power and ability of the temporal head of the Catholic world, and Nicholas Hannen gives a charming sketch of Teresa's grandee brother, whose conscience is untroubled by successful empire-building. Among the nuns are Veronica Turleigh, Rachel Kempson and Gwynne Whitby, and in a very sensitive performance Richard Pasco plays Teresa's personal confessor. Norman Marshall's direction ensures that all the links in the piece are well-oiled.

Some of the fun in Bonne Soupe, which I enjoyed in Paris, has evaporated between Calais and Dover, but in Kitty Black's translation this bedroom comedy has travelled better than most boulevard successes.

Felicien Marceau, author of *The Egg*, is in luck to have found in Coral Browne so good a substitute for Marie Bell, who created the chief part in Paris. She plays the cynical but sympathetic tart who recounts her career to a friendly croupier while its critical scenes are enacted at the back of the stage. The production, by Eleanor Fazan, is very similar to the original, with ingenious sliding sets that make the changes almost instantaneous. Sometimes Miss Browne



CORAL BROWNE and ERICA ROGERS as Marie-Paule in Bonne Soupe.

#### **PUNCH EXHIBITIONS**

"Punch in the Theatre" is at the Theatre Royal, Bath.

"Punch with Wings" is at Lewis's Store, Manchester.

"Covering *Punch*": Original front covers on view at the Art Gallery and Museum, Keighley, until November 18.

"Pertinent Punch" is at the Westminster Galleries. strolls back into her past to hiss an exhortation at her early self or to walk round the actors as if they were exhibits in a museum, before returning to her croupier; when her early self has achieved maternity and a rich marriage the time has come for Miss Browne to take her place backstage.

Monsieur Marceau's theme is that it is not greed that drives women to sell themselves, but fear—fear of being alone and penniless. Unfortunately this production lets him down in a way I don't remember happening in Paris. Whereas the character played by Miss Browne remains likeable in spite of her cynicism, her early self, played by Erica Rogers, is so utterly cold-hearted that she appears to be actuated solely by the greed that Monsieur Marceau denies. This flaw is serious.

There are some accurate hits at French bourgeois society, and the girl's transition from bed to bed is fairly lively. Peter Illing as the croupier and Peter Bowles and Antony Carrick as two of the lovers make a sound background. The important part is Miss Browne's and she accomplishes it with a humorous assurance that is most engaging. This is a very French comedy, which I still find rather amusing, but obviously it is not for the very young or certain of the very old

The two one-act plays by Edward Albee at the Royal Court have had a great success off-Broadway. They are of very different texture. In The Death of Bessie Smith Mr. Albee set out to write a dramatic protest against the death of a coloured Blues singer when she was refused attention at a "white" hospital in Tennessee after a car accident, and somehow got side-tracked into an irrelevant study of a nurse possessed by demon of ill-temper, one of those psychopathic mixed-up girls so dear to writers from the deep South, who knocks hell out of her invalid father, out of a negro porter, and finally out of a young doctor who is in love with her, poor fellow. Bessie Smith is only tangential to a great deal of shouting and vile manners. This hellcat is powerfully taken by Gene Anderson, and the doctor is played well by Richard Easton.

The other play, The American Dream, goes on too long, but is a clever and often very amusing essay in the vein of Ionesco and N. F. Simpson. The dialogue plays every trick of unexpectedness. A respectable American couple, cruelly satirised, turns out to have adopted a baby and gradually mutilated it to death. A conventional visitor, invited sociably to remove her dress, politely does so. A handsome young man who calls is discovered to be the twin brother of the dead baby. All through the play a maddish grandmother with an earthy turn of phrase drops spanner after spanner into the works. Mr. Albee's lunatic inspiration is fairly steady.



AUDREY HEPBURN as Holly Golightly in Breakfast at Tiffany's

Avril Elgar is very funny as Grandma, and Mavis Villiers and Robert Ayres give solidity to the American bourgeois idyll turned upside down.

- ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

Breakfast at Tiffany's Fanfare Danse Macabre

N essentials, Breakfast at Tiffany's (Director: Blake Edwards) is just the sort of light, bright, enjoyable comedy that was characteristic of the nineteenthirties. The main differences are, first, that it is done with very much greater gloss and elaboration, and second that mentions-and assumes that the audience will understand and condonecertain moral and sexual irregularities that no popular comedy of the 'thirties would have allowed, particularly in a hero and heroine. But its main merits are the same: imaginative, intelligentlyhandled "craziness," the clever spicing credible character and ordinary actions and circumstances with amusing absurdity and oddity. And its main fault is the same: sentimental contrivance for the sake of a happy ending.

Sentimentality appears here and there in the body of the work too. Holly (Audrey Hepburn) is one of those fey and whimsy girls, one of those "wild things" who cannot bear to be restrained or repressed by the obligations and conventions of ordinary life, and every

now and then she has to say so in a sentimental-rhetorical manner quite out of key with her behaviour in the rest of the film and with its general atmosphere. But there is so much that is good and amusing that such things as this seem minor irritations, no serious bar to enjoyment. I liked the film, and I could see it again with pleasure now...

... Even though I should be waiting more or less impatiently for the best scenes. One of these is a superbly funny party. Yes, I know a lot of pictures have included good funny party scenes, but I don't remember ever having seen one as good as this. Too many people are crammed into a too-small room, and the director handles this mob brilliantly, giving us glimpses (close-up, distant over a shoulder, moving at knee-level, highangle, or whatever) that combine and contrast and reinforce each other with immensely comic effect. excellent episode shows Holly and Paul (George Peppard), the young writer in the flat above, having a gay irresponsible day out together . . . and, at long last, the old fun-fair montage cliché customarily used for this situation is avoided: they amuse themselves in genuinely Here comes a wonderful fresh ways. scene in Tiffany's itself, where they consult with a grave assistant (John McGiver) about the spending of ten dollars.

I don't know the original novel by Truman Capote; people who do seem to be angry that it has been softened and

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sentimentalised. But if you ignore the title and the source of the story, the film still exists on its own level as a romantic comedy, enjoyably well done. It is wrong to announce curried prawns and then serve a meringue, but the announcement has no bearing at all on the merits of the meringue. This is a good one.

Both halves of the double-feature programme at the Curzon have very good points, and the more serious half has points that are in the absolute sense better: but the lighter and more trivial half, the Dutch Fanfare (Director: Bert Haanstra), is the more successful considered as a whole. This is a very simple comedy about village rivalries and m brass band contest, and a flat description could make it sound childishly obvious and corny; but it is made with imagination, full of character, and often

remarkably funny.

It opens, for example, with an excellent laugh which also establishes the scene. We are baffled by the grotesque sight of a number of cows, knee-deep in thick grass, but each one apparently sliding along as if on rollers. Then the camera rises to show the barges they are standing on, and the canals which in the village of Lagerwiede do duty for streets . . . The spring of the action is the antagonism between rival innkeepers, both of whom play in the village brass band. One guffaws at the other's false note, and the band splits, each half claiming to represent the village at the annual contest. The sections rehearse independently, with music specially written for each by the same local composer, and the harmonious ending is foreseeable; but there is some admirable comic detail and character on the way. It's quite a bright little comedy, in which the one thing I would criticise is the device of intercutting brief shots showing the comparable behaviour of ducks-a simple joke that gets no funnier with continual repetition.

The serious half of the programme is Hungarian, Danse Macabre (Director: Laszlo Ranody), which is about the people living in a tenement house in a war-damaged part of Budapest. This, though it is basically one of those all-inthe-same-boat affairs in which the only connection between a number of characters is that they happen to be or live near one another, is much more of a worked-out story than that would suggest. Our attention is focused in turn on a number of different people and their quite separate problems, but the whole thing is held together by a situation of suspense: children playing in the rubble have found a small unexploded bomb, which they keep as a treasure. Each episode concerning the grown-ups living in the house is somehow connected, however tenuously, with what the children are doing with the bomb.

The film's faults are too-obvious contrivance at the end (there is an

emotional climax just as the playing children are about to explode the bomb), and a moralising off-screen voice which is not above giving us unnecessary help Is she waiting for someone?"). But there are some first-rate scenes.

- RICHARD MALLETT

#### AT THE GALLERY

#### **What Every Painter Knows**

Mark Rothko (WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY)

THE Tachistes exploited what most people who have handled oil paints know well: that if you mix up a number of colours quite accidentally on a palette, as happens at the end of a day's painting, the result is quite engaging. Another of the facts of painting is that if you cover a canvas with a bare minimum of variety, say one or possibly two shades of the same colour, the result to look at is seldom actively disagreeable. A canvas an even shade of dark maroon with a touch or two of black, another canvas perhaps almost exactly one shade of lemon yellow all over; if you commit yourself so very little you cannot go very far wrong, and people can stand in front of the "work" and imagine anything they like, as in fact they can in front of a blank wall or a wall with a few streaks on it-as Leonardo mentions. But, it must be added, you have not gone very far right either.

People have complained in the past that certain works of Matisse and Dufy were too slight, but compared to Rothko (whose exhibition remains open until November 12) their very slightest works were dashing commitments in design, colour contrasts and variety of touch. For those of his fans who cannot provide sufficient space in their homes for Rothko's works (some are truly vast) let me suggest that a colburman's chart of pigments may produce as much pleasure with less fuss. Once or twice Rothko, very daring indeed, has put two clashing colours on the same canvas: cerulean

and red. By gum!

#### ON THE AIR

#### Big Chief Bigga-Banga

-ADRIAN DAINTREY

THE BBC's renowned Panorama made a brave attempt last week to keep the light in its window gleaming and beaming with immediacy. trouble was that the speakers, from the admirable Dimbleby downwards, did not know whether Mr. K. had actually detonated his 50-megaton bomb, so that the whole programme was spiked with awkward conditionals. One after the other interviewers and interviewees cleared themselves with such asides as "If it has been dropped" and "Of course we don't know for certain" and "As you've heard, opinions differ about the power of this bomb," and the total result was as infuriatingly equivocal as a Times first leader on a Monday morning.

Since the whole programme was designed as an inquiry into the dangers of fall-out I failed to understand this treatment, especially so when most of the experts who testified suggested that as yet we know very little about the human effects of radiation and vied with each other in their ambivalence. I suppose this item must be accounted a pretty good stab at topicality, but it had little shape, no drive, and was fair-minded to the point of triteness and futility. The pay-off came when Dimbleby, suitably serious, hoped that the following week would bring happier, less dis-turbing fare. For myself I couldn't wish to see a more cheerful programme: I expected my flesh to creep; I switched off wondering what all the fuss was about and almost laughing to myself about the old fallout bogy.

It isn't often that TV musicals enchant me, not even American musicals, but Astaire Time really was a honey. I realise, naturally, that I must discount a fair percentage of my delight as the product of middle-aged euphoric nostalgia and a personal predilection for trad: I still maintain that this was the most polished, gay and brilliantly professional song and dance show I have experienced for years. Astaire at sixty-

one is phenomenal.

There are times when the sackcloth weave of every-day affairs assumes the brilliance and sheen of theatrical costume, when prosy bread-and-butter discussion is quickened into nail-biting drama. But how is it done? How did Tonight convert a team of law-abiding teachers into a pack of bloodthirsty rowdies? Had I been Sir Ronald Gould I should have demanded a saliva test, or a statement from the Michelmore hospitality dispensary. Admittedly the teachers had a lot to be angry about, and this interview or head-on clash caught them with hackles raised, but why, oh why, did they go dotty?

Sir Ronald was being questioned about the NUT's surprising acceptance of the Government's salary settlement of £,42 million, and viewers sat back to expect a clarification of the position and undertones of friction. Instead we got a brawl, with the teachers howling and spitting invective, and their target, stunned and bemused, taking it like a man. Classroom techniques were forgotten. All spoke at once, diction and cogency were forgotten: I could hear desk-lids banging, ink-pellets on the wing. In a way it was a disgraceful exhibition, and I have no doubt it cost the teachers a lot of support, but it was wonderfully interesting and illuminating. Tonight, cleverly but cruelly, just let the thing rip. Michelmore sat by merely to prevent naked violence, and for once the programme faded out without song, titling and farewells. How did it happen? BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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# **Booking Office**



#### WORDS AND MUSIC

By CHARLES REID

The Letters of Beethoven. Collected, translated and edited by Emily Anderson, Macmillan, three volumes, 10 guineas.

HERE was a gap and, since Beethoven was in question, a crying need. If one cares for Beethoven at all, one craves to follow his day-to-day life under the microscope of his own pen.

The last English translation, by J. S. Shedlock, of the collected letters came out over fifty years ago and is long out of print. It was in any case incomplete and marred by cut or ill-copied texts. Miss Anderson, whose scholarship has been a matter of awe since her threevolume English edition of Mozart's family letters appeared in 1938, first moved into the Beethoven quarries fifteen years ago. Since then she has transcribed and translated hoveniana in a dozen main collections, from Bonn to the Library of Congress and the British Museum. At the risk of being "unpleasantly importunate to their owners" (her own phrase), she has gone through a host of private collections with a small-tooth comb. Smaller or obscurer deposits have been milked, usually by microfilm or photostat, at Kerthély, Linköping, Tartu, Trebon, Wisbech Museum (of all places) and so many other unlikely spots that a full list looks like a gazeteer.

The upshot of these labours is three handsome and aptly illustrated volumes. They contain nearly 1,600 letters and 80 ancillary documents, which is 450 items more than Shedlock and 230 letters up on the biggest collected edition hitherto

printed in Germany.

A few of Miss Anderson's "new" letters have not seen print before. The rest have been published previously in such specialist or fugitive form that to the general Beethoven reader they will be as good as new. They show us the tumultuous, irascible and harried Beethoven we have always known. The light of sublimity is in his eye. His head is crowned with stars. Immortal music thunders about him and gives the shake of a Zambesi cataract to the earth. Yet his days are often cluttered and humdrum. We find him writing to his fishmonger for a three lb. carp or pike, to someone else for a cord of firewood, to his tailor for a new body belt, to a boon companion for a boot polish recipe. He lives in so constricted a hovel that his servant has to sleep in

A girl of thirteen performs one of his adagios and brings tears to his eyes; how much better her piano-playing, he exclaims, than that of "our conceited and commonplace organ-grinders!" To his adored Countess Josephine Deym, "angel of my heart," he writes with fire, incoherence and odd punctuation "My heart can only-cease-to beat for you-when-it no longer beats") and, as ultimate reward, is barred from her door.

Some of the letters to music publishers and patrons keep one's blood on the simmer. The Missa Solemnis is one of few scores, one of few human documents of any kind, indeed, which lift The Veil and make the hearer tremble. From his sickbed Beethoven was driven

the kitchen; not surprisingly, he loses three servants in short order.

#### Beyond the Press



**ROY THOMSON** 

"Sporting Chronicle"

to peddling duplicated manuscripts of it around the imperial and royal courts of Europe. To potential publishers he acted the money-changer in his own temple—"The fee [for the Mass] is 100 louis d'or reckoned at two gold ducats or, let us say, 200 gold ducats (or 900 gulden with valuation at the 20 gulden rate, Viennese Currency)." That the giant could not have been spared-or could not spare himself-such hucksterings is one of history's monstrous

In Miss Anderson's translations or retranslations, the letters, which run from Beethoven's eighteenth year to his deathbed, read lucidly and with the right tincture of colloquialism. Without any parade of scholarship, her annotations deftly fill in all blanks of a biographical picture which, for all its specialist provenance, rivals the immense Life on which A. W. Thayer and his successors laboured for over forty years.

#### NEW NOVELS

Midcentury. John Dos Passos. André Deutsch, 21/-

Unconditional Surrender. Evelyn Waugh. Chapman and Hall, 18/-

The Last Hours of Sandra Lee. William Sansom. Hogarth Press, 16/-Daughter of Silence. Heinemann, 16/-Morris West.

MIDCENTURY is about the kind of things that increasingly get left out of modern fiction; it concentrates on work and morals and owes nothing to the smart novel of self-disgust. old man's book, looking regretfully back to the great days of American radicalism and comparing them with the world of racketeer-run unions, anarchic teenagers and bomb-happy scientists. Mr. Dos Passos continues to mingle quotations from newspapers, spasms of purple, or at any rate italic, prose and interposed sec-tions of separate but ultimately interlocking stories. Rough and vigorous, this

study of union branches in the power of

gangsters keeps moving, an honourable example of an older American tradition. Compared with it, *Unconditional Sur*render, the third volume of Mr. Waugh's military trilogy, seems etiolated in its elegant, chilly lucidity. The attempt to make the War seem funny by having a number of short scenes set in comic Departments or sideshows has been made so often before and the problems of Catholic marriage, the serious part, are not stated in a manner likely to seem urgent even to Catholics. The bitter account of the Yugoslav Partisans comes to life because there is real emotion behind it, as there is behind the reference to the guests at a dance in 1951 who "impudently presented themselves in dinner-jackets and soft shirts." Readable, expertly presented, occasionally amusing, but never vivid or moving, the little tale

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"I like your skirt, Sandra."

made me feel that Mr. Waugh has got into a posh but airless cul-de-sac. The goodwill his old admirers feel towards him has softened a good deal of criticism; no writer since Barrie has been allowed to get away with so much inferior work. Perhaps the autobiography he is reported to be writing will free him for a great burst of creative achievement in the novel. Of course he has been wonderful; everything he writes still gets praised, but indiscriminate, nostalgic praise is not going to make him wonderful again.

The Last Hours of Sandra Lee is one of Mr. Sansom's studies of lowish life, this time the life of a typist on the evening of an office Christmas party. It is all as brightly and unsubstantially coloured as something seen in a chemist's window. Sandra twirls youthfully, drinks, is off, then on, with the old love and touches life at a number of points symbolised by the head of the

firm with his constant talk of "service," his smart, assured nephew, the ageing secretary and her younger rival; there is even a man whose wife is expecting a baby. This is van Druten rewritten to be read under a hairdrier. It is lively and charming but contains too few of Mr. Sansom's descriptive flights and, despite its enamelled competence, it falls well below his best work.

Daughter of Silence is much more interesting than it looks. Although some of the ingredients are familiar, the product The rather heavy and pompous writing masks the originality of the construction. A revenge-murder in an Italian village involves an ageing leader of the Rome bar, the daughter who admires him but suffers from his egotistic brilliance, her husband, who is a disciple of the advocate's and is now taking his first independent brief, and an Australian psychiatrist, who suffers from the demands that each of the others makes upon him but cannot tear himself away from his involvement in their affairs. The trial settles nothing and reveals only part of the truth; but it provides a good, hard foundation of event for the complexities. Not all the characters are seen with equal clarity and, as a study of egotism, it suffers from this; readers tend to side with the fully realised against the shadowy. However, I was kept alert and hungry to know more. R. G. G. PRICE

#### THE NAVY IN THE FISHER ERA

From the Dreadnought to Scapa Flow: Vol. I, 1904-1914. Arthur J. Marder. Oxford University Press, 42/-

It is remarkable that the outstanding single authority on British naval policy between 1880 and 1918 should be an American Professor from Hawaii. He was, I believe, first attracted to the period by the extraordinary influence of individual politicians and admirals on national policy. Characters like Fisher (who has a marked physical resemblance to the equally turbulent Admiral Rickover) and Winston Churchill give him ample scope, and he presents a balanced view between private correspondence and official records, to both of which he has unrivalled access.

Professor Marder, after his previous books, is inevitably a Fisher fan, while admitting his faults. Somebody had to put a bomb under the vast Victorian Navy of 1900 to get it ready for war with Germany in 1914, so perhaps his ends justified his means—the inspired leaks to the press and people of influence, the promotion of favourites, the use of "spies." But he split the Edwardian Navy disastrously because these techniques (though now well-recognised and discounted accordingly) had never before been used by a service chief and were then "off-side."

Though possibly, at its price, not for the general public, the book is a model of research and fascinating to anyone interested in the interplay between politicians and service officers in the period.

— GEOFFREY BARNARD

#### LNN

The Elusive Monster. Maurice Burton. Hart-Davis, 21/-

The Loch Ness monster, whatever it is, keeps its secret, but in this book Dr. Burton, a scientist from the British Museum, may well have brought us much nearer the truth. After analysing all the past findings and leading his own team to the loch, he puts forward two revolutionary suggestions. The first is that the tremendous production of foam noticed in many of the sightings, which is hard to connect with any aquatic animal, may be explained by masses of vegetable matter rising to the surface, buoyed by the gases of decay, which are then expelled with great force, sometimes driving the mass at high speeds across the loch. Dr. Burton's second suggestion is that the head and neck so often mentioned in reports could be those of some freak survival from the past in the nature of a long-necked otter.

If therefore we are looking for a smallish animal instead of an enormous reptile, we must concentrate less on the loch and more on its shores. Dr. Burton argues his points with cogency.

- ERIC KEOWN

#### A ROSE WITH THORNS

Saying Life. The Memoirs of Sir Francis Rose. Cassell, 42/-

The author of this autobiography who has made a name for himself as a painter, writes in a confused manner. Violence ruled his childhood, and his final alienation from his mother began when she cursed and buffeted a half-brother due to return to his regiment where he was killed. Her rage was due to the fact that she had been disturbed during

#### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Encyclopaedia of Superstitions. E. and M. A. Radford. Edited and revised by Christina Hole. *Hutchinson*, 35/-

Encyclopaedias, as we all know, make alluring reading: they lead us afar, though they never lead us astray. We look up a reference and read three articles; we are fascinated by subjects that had hardly existed for us. When the encyclopaedia is devoted to superstitions, we are doomed to read it all at a sitting. We begin with adders and go on to barnacle geese, not to mention bears and beds and bees and betles and bells; and until we reach the yew tree on p. 369, there will be no stopping us.

All the superstititions in this book have been found to exist in the British Isles. Some have proved their vitality by changing with the times (the superstition of the third cigarette is directly descended from old candle-lore). And while it is foolish to become a prey to old wives' tales, so long as charms and mascots

are used, and horoscopes are published, so long as ladders are walked round and salt cast over the shoulder, it is pleasant

and enlightening to study old beliefs.

The Encyclopaedia of Superstitions, edited and revised by Christina Hole, is an Aladdin's Cave of information. tells us of clocks endowed with knowledge of the future, and ferns that bring on storms if they are uprooted. It urges us not to take mixed bunches of red and white flowers to patients in hospital "sisters in charge of wards frequently refuse to admit them"). It informs us that plants, if not told of a death in the family, and draped in black, will simply wilt away. It explains the mysteries of St. John's Wort and St. Elmo's Fire. "God bless you, in case you sneeze, said a character in a play by Christopher Fry; we learn the origin of this superstition. Here is a book too quotable to be quoted; it should certainly be read.

- IOANNA RICHARDSON

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séance in which she was attempting to keep in touch with Sir Francis's father, an earlier casualty of World War I. His also a violent man and "that very expensive affair" referred to an incident when Sir Cyril had thrown a nurse, caught smacking her charge's bottom, out of a window, thereby breaking both her legs. Sarah Bernhardt and Caruso were his parent's friends, and when he grew up Sir Francis moved in the world of High Bohemia, with Gertrude Stein as an early patron of his painting. However, the two experiences of his life which he treats as most important were his adventures during the Sino-Japanese War, and his friendship with Ernst Röhm, whom he still reveres as misunderstood martyr and potential peacesaver. In August 1939 Sir Francis was staying with Goering at Karinhall. lewellery, he mentions, suited the Reichsmarschall, who except for a daily telephone call to his Ministry remained singularly out of touch with events.

- VIOLET POWELL

#### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

From Atlanta to the Sea. William T. Sherman, edited, with an introduction, by B. H. Liddell Hart. Folio Society, 27/6

General Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah, and subsequent advance northwards through the Carolinas to Georgetown, provided the first real example of the Blitzkrieg technique that -learned by the Germans and ignored by their opponents—so quickly lost us the first few hands in the last war. Sherman's own account of it in the second volume of his memoirs, here admirably edited by Captain Liddell Hart, is most lucid and readable. (If French, Haig and Robertson had read and understood it, how differently might the events of 1914-1917 have turned out!) The Folio Society's edition is quite excellent, with its small clear maps so arranged as always to fall in the right part of the text. It lacks only—a big "only"-an index. — B. A. YOUNG

#### ACTOR-AGENTS

Anatomy of Spying.

Barker, 21/-Ronald Seth

Call a spy an agent and he becomes a patriot. But are Britons who spy for Them honourable men—and by the same standard, are they honourable Russians who spy for Our Side? Mr. Seth, himself a wartime British agent, doesn't attempt to solve such knotty problems, but offers a fairly sober, and therefore all the more fascinating, history of spying. The routine of modern spying, he tells us, is dangerous but humdrum—and this in spite of such establishments as the Green House set up in pre-Nazi Berlin, where every sort of perversion was encouraged with blackmail as its end, and the Japanese Hall of Pleasurable Delights, designed to condition agents "to all variations from the norm of conventional sexual behaviour. But such Bondian fantasies made real are much less important than sound cover stories, good "letter-boxes" (channels for passing information) and reliable security codes. The professional agent is essentially a character actor rather than a



gunman. Has anybody yet set up a school for actor-spies? It may be just for security reasons that Mr. Seth doesn't - JULIAN SYMONS

#### PICTURE-BOOKS

Paintings of the World's Great Galleries. Thames and Hudson, 84/-. Superb collection of reproductions, 450 in colour, from the treasures of the world's galleries, with notes on the paintings by Otto Stelzer, Hermann Boekhoff and Bert Bilzer. Art munificent de luxe.

American Natives. Erich Sokol. Hamish Hamilton, 25/-. Sixty marvellous drawings of representative North American types, seen with merciless insight and depicted with unfailing skill. The influence of Panald Searls invasidate. of Ronald Searle is evident.

#### CREDIT BALANCE

A Handbook on Hanging. Charles Duff. Putnam, 15/-. This immortal tract, a coruscating satirical essay on the theory and practice of capital punishment, has been brought up to date with references to the Bentley case, the Caryl Chessman affair and the 1957 Homicide Act. No thinking person can afford not to read it.

A Matter of Succession. Patrick Cruttwell. Dent, 15/-. In "a foreign country" it was the custom for the Chief Minister to name the man who should succeed him on his death. What happens when the Chief Minister's paper is examined and found to be blank makes an uncommonly interesting political novel. Mr. Cruttwell ought now to write about politics in a real

The Descent. Gina Berriault. Barker, 15/-. Arnold Elkins is appointed Secretary for Humanity in the 1964 government of the USA. His task is to reassure the people that peace must be preserved. He soon learns, however, that the Government's view of his function is to bolster faith in the nuclear missile, and in the resulting conflict he is discredited and destroyed. A powerful parable for the times. parable for the times.

Captain Newman, MD. Leo Rosten. Gollancz, 18/-. Loosely threaded anecdotes about psychoanalyst in Texan Airforce hospital by creator of Human Kaplan (under different name). An often funny and always readable tribute to a man and his science among the harsh irrationalities of war.

Gemini. Theodora Keogh. Spearman, New York commuter village. Less wrapped in symbols and less urgent in narration than some of this odd, fascinating writer. Finished but brittle.



ROY DAVIS



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

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## Something Blue

SHE sat on the kitchen stool, and told me her news. "This weekend?" I exclaimed in surprise. Cautiously I spooned the flour into the mixing bowl. "But why all the hurry?"

"Well," she replied, taking a deep breath and helping herself from the plate of sugared apples. "You must have heard about this fabulous job Peter has been offered in Birmingham. So when a friend of ours told us that he knew someone up there with a flat to let, we decided that the most sensible thing to do would be to take the flat and buy a special licence."

I stopped rolling and looked as if for the first time at this teenage image smiling calmly before me. Of course everyone in the family knew that she and my young cousin Peter had been going steady ever since they'd shared the same pot at the local welfare clinic some eighteen odd years ago, but no one had suspected that they were planning anything so square as matrimony. They certainly had a lot in common, they read the same books and spoke the same language, they'd marched, jived and drunk gallons of milk together, they wore the same sort of tight pants and shared one another's sweaters.

"What did your people have to say about it?" I asked.

"I'm afraid they took rather a lot of persuading. Mummy had rather put her heart on a white affair with rice and everything, but can you imagine me in a veil and orange blossom?"

"Still, it only happens once in a

girl's lifetime," I said, removing the baby from the flour bin and replacing the lid.

"Maybe," she agreed, "but even if Peter and I did make the effort to get dressed up, can you just imagine what our friends at the club would say?"

"What indeed," I murmured. "All the same you don't intend walking down the aisle in jeans, I fancy?"

"Hardly," she replied. "I doubt if it would be legal. No, that's really why I've come round to see you. You see, you're the only person I know who's likely to have anything suitable to wear for a wedding. I've asked all my friends at the club but not one of us has worn a dress since we were thirteen."

"I know this may sound rather drastic to you," I said, "but why don't you buy yourself a new one?"

She sighed deeply. "Yes, there's always that, but it does seem such a waste of money when I'll certainly never wear the thing again."

I scrubbed the rolling pin vigorously and said "I'm afraid my ensemble isn't as comprehensive as you appear to imagine, and I doubt very much whether there is anything up there which will suit you." She took these words to be a sign of my affirmation, dashed from the kitchen and bounded up the stairs, calling back as she went "You're a living doll!"

I turned my attention to the pie, and had just put it into the oven when Jo called to me from the landing above "What about this heavenly blue dress you have?"

"Blue dress?" I repeated, trying to remember, "which one do you mean? Wait. I'll come up."

As I entered the bedroom she was standing in front of the wardrobe mirror admiring her reflection. She had on a shapeless blue garment which I recognised at once.

"This is just the thing," she exclaimed delightedly. "How do you do it up?" She struggled to fasten the ingenious device at the side.

"You don't," I said firmly, "you take the thing off immediately, and you leave well alone!"

"But why?" she cried in dismay.
"For the simple but very adequate reason that it is a maternity dress."

"Oh," she said, the daylight dawning in her innocent blue eyes, "but that's

#### Blind Date

HOPE springs eternal, searching for a tall,
Dark, handsome, costly-tailored man-of-action,
Bearing perhaps an orchid, or a small
Package of sweets, or glow of satisfaction
At seeing my green tulle and amber rinse
Carefully poised against a blending palm.
And I did see him once, though never since;
He had a blinder date upon his arm.
Mine, in a loud and crumpled "sporty" jacket,
Carried a pipe which smelt of smouldering rope.
He bore me salted peanuts in a packet
And dried up the eternal springs of Hope.

- HAZEL TOWNSON

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"but it is usual to get married first." "Oh do let me wear it," she pleaded. I'll take it in and put a belt on it, if that will make you happy." "OK," I said, "you win, but don't

plan to have a large family."

you dare to tell anyone where it came

absolutely marvellous, Peter and I

"That's as may be," I said sternly,

"Thanks," she said happily, "you're a real angel." She let the amorphous

article drop from her slender young shoulders and climbed back into her jeans. I picked up the dress and found a bag for it. We went downstairs together.

"By the way," she said as she opened the door, "I almost forgot to ask, you" won't be needing this again, will you?"

"No," I said, pushing her gently but firmly through the door, "at least not before the week-end.'

- OLIVE BULL

# The View from the Bodega

IOW I envy those women who return H from holiday tanned to a striking shade of walnut brown.

I, regularly dragged off to sunny climates by a husband with a mission in life, am compelled to send dozens of postcards to friends so that the foreign postmarks will prove that I really am holidaying on the sunny continent. They never understand why I return to stand out, pale-faced and wan looking, even among the people who have been compelled to wear sou'westers and Wellington boots throughout their

Grapes are the cause of it-juicy, sun-loving, sun-soaking grapes.

Some time during the year I notice, with misgiving, a certain light in my husband's eye-it might be at a banquet, a small dinner party at the house of a discerning friend, or be the ultimate result of a whispered word from a wine waiter who knows his stuff. If I can see the label on the bottle I know under which area of the Continent we shall be spending our annual holiday.

Not for me the hours of sun-baked sands, warm Mediterranean sea-bathing, or evenings of blossom-scented air. A few minutes spent approvingly observing the sun dutifully ripening the grapes in the vineyard, then down we go to wander through long avenues of dreary barrels laid in dim vaults, the air heavy with the scent of wine-soaked oak and our flesh goose-pimpled by temperatures beloved only by working wines, Eskimos, and vintners.

I've been dwarfed by giant German barrels, looked down on serried rows of glinting glass stoppers in tiny French barrels, been heartened by pipettes of

exquisite wines-but how I've longed for the fresh air . .

This holiday, after a particularly trying year, the mention of wine cellars brought on a sudden attack of hysteria which so unnerved my husband that we stayed above ground all holiday, flitting from bodega to bodega, sampling local wines. I felt like a light-hearted butterfly after my previous bat-like existence. Dim bodegas might be, and with an even heavier smell of winedamp oak, but you can see the sun shining in the streets through open doorways.

We even sampled wines in wine bars where the whole front of the premises were open to the fresh air, and if you stood near the entrance you could actually feel the warmth of the

Dedicated wine lovers penetrate deeply into the interior and lean on the bar (there is nowhere to sit) and all drink the remarkably pleasant wines for the equivalent of 2½d. a glass. No connoisseur would be inspired to create a dinner to their honour but they slip down smoothly and palatably-unlike certain bottled surprises produced by countries which shall be nameless. want to create an international incident by wounding national pride in these critical times, but I have sipped liquids of innocent colour which didn't wait to roll slowly along the tongue but leapt fierily to the back of my throat, produced a bead of perspiration at the root of every hair of my head, and not only turned my face scarlet but created a galaxy of scarlet spots before the eyes, all in the space of a split second. There are undoubtedly sorcerer's apprentices still abounding in the mountains of the wilder countries, and in the pay of their government's export departments,

But in spite of their efforts it was a revolutionary holiday, and I returned home, not my usual pallid self, but a splendid shade of pale biscuit.

- G. E. CANN



"I see you on a skiing holiday . . . then I see a tall, dark, handsome intern."

#### FIRST APPEARANCE

#### BATHOS IN BRONZE

O! Whither prick you, huge knight of cannon-bronze? Who the armourer forged your caparisons? What draw you, darkling, of wide comparisons Between Now, and Then?

Leading what proud horde are you set overlord?
Against what menace your tenace, horse and sword?
Which the foe bent low, sullen and overawed—
Titan among men?

Are you monument, kingly epitaphic?
Are you mere symbol, but ideographic?
Or do you only (mocking my mock-Sapphic)
Divert the traffic?

— ANTHONY BRUNNER



#### WIRTSCHAFTSWUNDER

POSTING a letter in Germany is quite a business. First you have to extract a stamp from a machine. You insert your coin and the machine, which has a primitive sense of humour, drops it out again. After a few bangs and thumps you convince the contraption that you're in earnest, and it retains the coin. You then turn a little handle, and after five minutes a thud informs you that your offering has been accepted. A further spell at the treadmill produces three results: a bell jangles, the machine disgorges a stamp, and a little dial informs you that you are the 1,723rd customer to use the machine since a new roll of stamps was put in. Your stamp is now lying in a little velvet-lined cradle, covered with a flap. You raise this gingerly and entangle your fingers in a subsidiary transparent flap which usually sweeps your stamp back into the machine or under the wheels of a passing car.

The aperture of the letter-box is covered by a further flap, in heavy cast-iron, so, before the gaze of the assembled populace, you unload on the pavement a mackintosh, a pair of gloves, a packet of tea, a pair of shoes on their way to be repaired, a newspaper and a tube of toothpaste and get to work. The flap, when lifted, reveals a slit about 1/16th of an inch wide, through which you poke your letter, trying not to lacerate it on a row of spikes inside the box. These are obviously designed to discourage enterprising burglars with hands 1/16th of an inch wide.

- ADRIAN THORPE

#### SATURDAY BINGO AND SUNDAY GOLF

Y former chief, a Major Rolfe, Invited me one day for golf. Clickety-click was he, but clear Of eye, and nimble; thrice that year He'd beaten with apparent ease Men little more than all-the-threes, The thought of which, I'll own, gave pause To me, for I was all-the-fours. My humble handicap, what's more, Was 21 (Key of the Door).
At Number One hole we did meet; The caddie also, who was sweet Sixteen (and Never had Been Kissed). I had the honour, and I missed The ball; but Rolfe, so smart and spry Holed out, by George, in Kelly's Eye! We were all square at Number Five, And I cheered up, but, Snakes Alive! At Marine's Breakfast hole he led-Lucky For Some was he ahead. At Legs Eleven did I lose My ball: he led by All-the-Twos. Add Eight: back to the club-house to Imbibe a pint. I said "If you Can play this sort of game, good heavens, You'll beat us still when All-the-Sevens."

- D. R. PEDDY

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# The newspaper you read has never mattered more

The more the world demands understanding, the more difficult it becomes to understand. At this moment, when so much depends upon your newspaper, can you do with anything less than The Times itself?

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relation?

UNCLES ARE PUBLIC RELATIONS. For the use of nephews, nieces and sundry others. Aunts are the same. Perhaps you're one or the other yourself. And several half-crowns, ten-shilling, one-and even five-pound notes short as a result.

But it's all very heart warming. As public relations should be. Serious public relations, too—those that are commonly known as P.R. not meaning Prince Regent, or Perfectly Revolting or even Proportional Representation.

No, Public Relations, this kind, can even be big business in its way. It can also apply to one thing most firms go in for. Presentations. Not P.R. in a strict sense, but in a far-seeing sense, yes. What a firm gives an employee makes an impact outside, too. On relatives, friends, other people. Presentations project animage. A presentation can be a whole public relations campaign in itself.

So presentations are important. So important they should be based on the best. Presentations are often watches, so why not P.R. meaning Presentation Rolex? A Rolex watch is so obviously and effortlessly the best of its kind. Good image for any firm.

Think about Rolex if you are concerned with this kind of P.R. 100% waterproof, self-winding, gold, platinum, steel—what you will. Or just one Rolex could of course be your very own P.R. campaign.

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE XV

quilted and poplin anaraks. Bentalls of Kingston have Austrian ski jackets, sheepskin hats and matching mitts. Just in at Hope Brothers are heavyweight ski cardigans, Canadian casual jackets and Swedish raincoats with detachable woollen linings, while Austin Reed's have corduroy collared raincoats in Grenfell cloth, Viyella lined. For women, at the Scotch House there are reversible gaberdine raincoats with matching trews and at Fortnum & Mason's the latest French perfumed coat-hangars.

#### MUSIC AND BALLET



Royal Albert Hall. November 4, 7.30 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Raymond Cohen (violin). November 5, 7.30 pm, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Orchestra, soloist Eugene Istomin (piano). November 6, 7.30 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. November 7, 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Choral Society.

Choral Society.

Royal Festival Hall. November 1, 8 pm, BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Chorus. November 2, 8 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist George Malcolm (piano). November 3 and 4, Hall and restaurants closed. November 5, 3 pm, Gary Graffman, piano recital. 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Fou Ts'ong (piano). November 6, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Nathan Milstein (violin). November 7, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Elsie Morison (soprano).

Wigmore Hall. November 1, 7.30 pm, John Williams (guitar). November 2, 7.30 pm, William Corbett Jones (piano). November 3, 7.30 pm, Richard Norris (piano). November 4, 3 pm, Alasdair Graham (piano), 7.30 pm, Norman Shetler (piano). November 5, 3 pm, Robert Henry (piano). November 6, 7.30 pm, Ronald Thomas (violin), Geoffrey Parsons (piano). November 7, 7.30 pm, Dimitri Fambas (guitar).

ember 7, 7.30 pm, Dimitri Fambas (guitar).

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, November 2, 7.30 pm, La Fille Mal Gardée (ballet).

November 3 and 7, 7.30 pm, Der Freischutz (Weber). Novembes 4, 2.15 pm, Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird (ballet).

7.30 pm, Les Patineurs, Giselle (ballet). November 6, 7.30 pm, Fidelio (Beethoven).

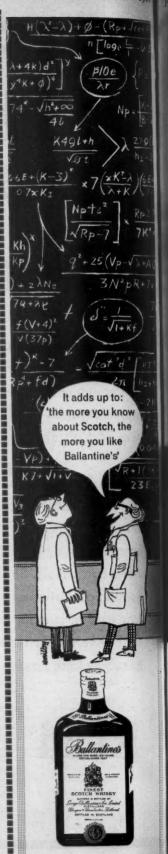
7.30 pm, Les Patineurs, Giselle (ballet). November 6, 7.30 pm, Fidelio (Beethoven).

Sadler's Wells Theatre. November 1, 7.30 pm, Tosca (Puccini). November 2, 7.30 pm, The Nightingale and Oedipus Rex (Stravinsky). November 3, 7.30 pm, Barber of Seville (Rossini). November 4, 7.30 pm, Rigoletto (Verdi).

#### GALLERIES



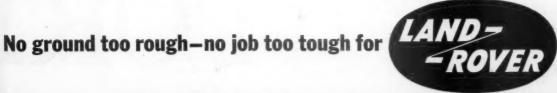
Agnew. Pictures by Dutch, English and Italian masters. Arcade. Sculpture from early Egypt to Rodin. Arts Council. Modern stained glass, to November 4. Beaux Arts. Leon Kossoft. Berkeley. Far Eastern and Primitive Art Antiquities. Brook Street. Oscar Dominguez. Chiltern. Peter Chase, Frank Sully. Gimpel Fils. Peter Kinley, to November 4. Hanover. Vasarely. ICA. Tapisseries De Petit Format. Marlborough Fine Art. French landscapes. Molton. Ann Cole Phillips. National Gallery. 19th-century paintings from Bührle Collection, until November 5. Obelisk. Magritte. Piccadilly. Emile Marzée. Upper Grosvenor. Old and Modern Masters. Whitechapel. Mark Rothko.







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The Charles W. Morgan was the last of the great New England whaling ships of the nineteenth century. She sailed more miles and caught more whales than any other American ship of her kind. Today she rests, along with other famous squareriggers and fore 'n afters of yesteryear, at a unique marine museum called Mystic Seaport.

Here, on a calm inlet of the Atlantic, a typical New England seaport trading center of a century ago has been authentically recreated as a living folk museum of the Age of Sail. Here, visitors can see what life was like in a seafaring community of the 1850's with its sail and rigging lofts, its shipsmith's, apothecary's and clock shop, its weaver's and chandlery—and, above all, its ships.

Mystic Seaport was founded thirty years ago, as a non-profit educational corporation, by a group of citizens who had two purposes in mind. One was conventional: to provide a place for storing and exhibiting the arts and crafts and ships of an era when a nation nurtured its young economy through sailing and whaling and overseas trade. The other was unconventional and subtle: to sharpen the visitor's appreciation of the special qualities of the men of that era, and of the sacrifices that helped sire their country's achievements.

For, more than the best-written history book, Mystic Seaport exercises the imagination. To visit the shops is to see what manner of men were those who supplied and serviced the ships. To board the ships is to know what rigors the men who sailed them had to endure. And, in leaving this community—typical of those where many great metropolises of today's U.S.A. were born—to read the simple, hand-lettered sign by the entrance-gate is to understand better its message: "Mystic Seaport is dedicated to an understanding of the origins of American freedom."

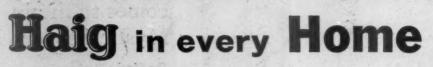
The American spirit finds many means of expression. This is one example, presented by Bankers Trust Company, a commercial bank which is based in New York, has offices in London, and is represented in Paris and Rome.

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# Squirrels have the right idea or do they?

You probably thought this advertisement was goint to draw a neat little parallel between the nut-storin efficiency of the squirrel and Lansing Bagna equipment. So did we. Regrettably, the squirrelet us down.

Contrary to what seems to be a common supposition, squirrels do not efficiently stock-pile the winter food in holes in trees. They randomly but it all over the place, one nut at a time, and the have to go scratching around whenever they fee hungry... Never mind; delightful little creature aren't they! Even so, and our strong British love animal life notwithstanding, it might be an idea not to introduce squirrels into any discussion you marraise with us. Mention "Mechanised Mascle" by all means – no disillusion there! "Mechanised Muscle" gives your handling and storage the higherfliciency which modern conditions demand. You can depend on it.

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